THE FAVORITE

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For the Favorite.

LOVE IN A DAIRY.

BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

Of all the spots for making love,
Give me a shady dairy,
With crimson tiles and blushing smiles,
From its presiding fairy!
The jolly sunbeams peeping in
Thro' vine leaves all a-flutter,
Like greetings sent from Phœbus to
The Goddess of "Fresh Butter!"

The swallows twit'ring in the eaves,
The air of Summer blowing
Thro' open door from where a score
Of tall rose-trees are growing.
A distant tile of hollyhocks,
A rugged bush of tansy,
And nearer yet beside the steps
A gorgeous purple pansy.

Suggestive scents of new-mown hay,
From lowland meadows coming;
The distant ripple of a stream,
And drowsy sounds of humming
From able-bodied bees that bevy
About the morning-glory,
Or dwaddle pleasantly around
The apple-blossoms hoary.

A rosy bloom pervades the spot;
And where the shadows darkle,
In glit'ring rows the shining pans
Show many a brilliant sparkle.
As snowy as my lady's throat,
Or classic marble urn,
In central floor there proudly stands
Th' scoured white-wood churn!

And she who reigns o'er churn and pan,
In truth my friend between us,
My dimpled Chloe is more fair
Than Milo's famous Venus.
Mark, mark those eyes so arch and dark,
Those lips like crimson clover,
And ask yourself, as well you may,
How I could prove a rover.

Talk not to me of moonlit groves,
Of empress, Belle or Fairy;
To me the fairest love of loves
Is Chloe of the Dairy!

Peterboro', Ont.

(For the Favorite.)

HARD TO BEAT

A DRAMATIC TALE, IN FIVE ACTS, AND A PROLOGUE.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS,
OF MONTREAL.

Author of "From Bad to Worse." "Out of the Snow." "A Perfect Fraud," &c.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—(*Continued.*)

MR. HARWAY MAKES A DISCOVERY.

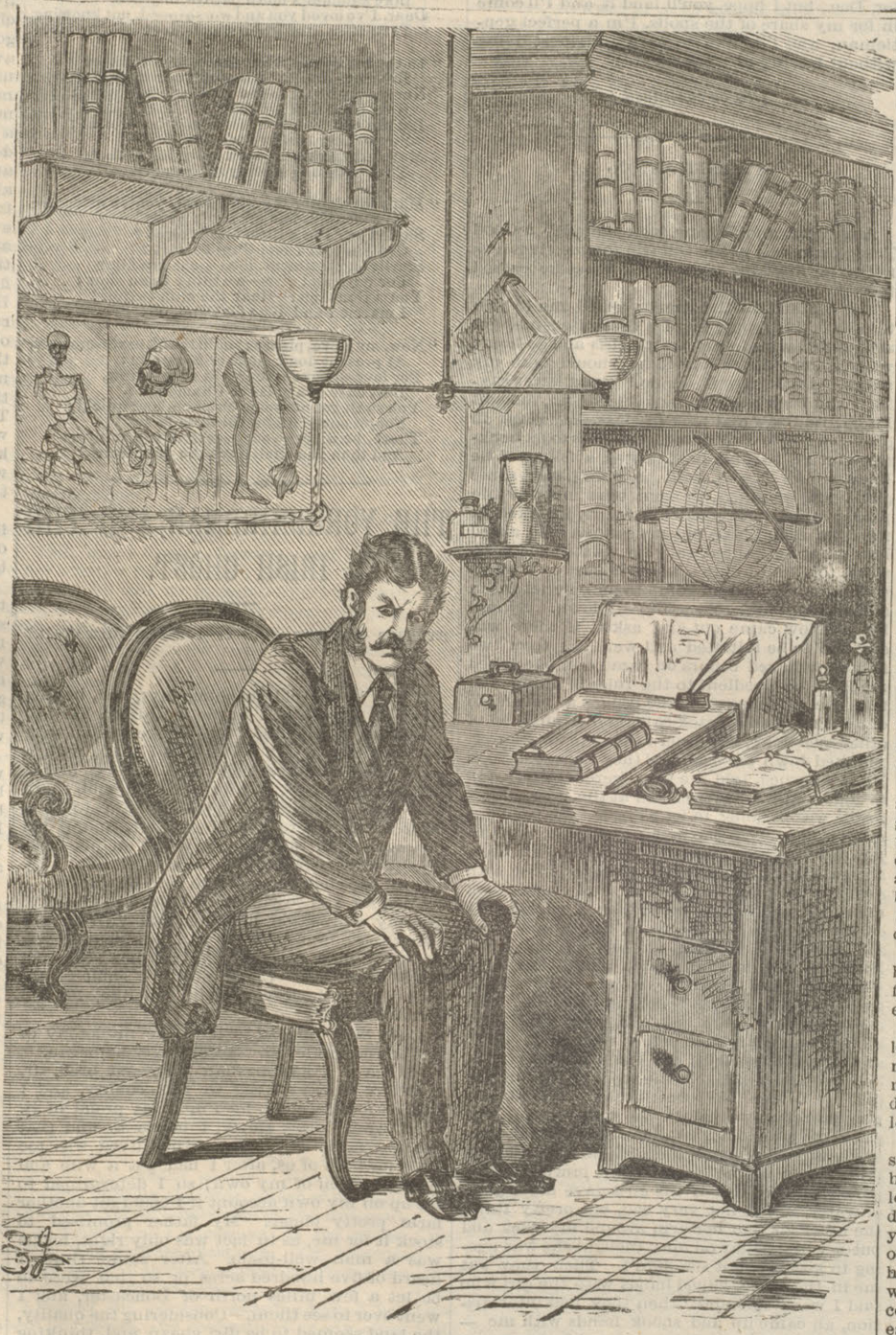
Mr. Harway remained behind the tree until Dr. Griffith and his companions had entered the cottage; then he produced the dirty handkerchief, polished his face a bit, and gave vent to the expression,

"I'm blessed!"

He really seemed to think he was "blessed"—as he expressed it—and, sitting on the grass, he pulled up the skeleton of a collar which did duty with him as linen, and held sweet communion with himself.

"I'm blessed," soliloquised he, "if I aint hit it right off. That must be the gal, and the little one is a responsibility incurred since the gal wasn't drowned. I suppose Bowles told the truth when he said he saw them married; that will give me a grip on the Doc. somehow. Can't see his game; but, I can see how to make it pay me. There is something or other he wants to keep dark, but what his game is I can't see."

Mr. Harway stared very hard at the tree he was resting under as if he expected to find there an explanation of Dr. Griffith's conduct. Apparently, however, the explanation was not easy



DR. GRIFFITH MAKES UP HIS MIND.

to arrive at, for he sat for nearly half an hour before he seemed to have come to any conclusion which was satisfactory to him.

The explanation of Dr. Griffith's conduct in hiding Mamie's existence, and the fact of his marriage, from Charlie Morton, seemed to flash on Mr. Harway all of a sudden, for he sprang up from the grass and, waving the dirty handkerchief in triumph over his head exclaimed:

"I'm blessed! I see it now just as clear as a yard of pump water. It's another woman."

Then Mr. Harway sat down to think about it.

The minutes stretched themselves into hours, and the sun began to sink in the west, but still Dr. Griffith did not leave the house, and Mr. Harway maintained his position behind the tree. Mr. Harway was hungry, he had eaten nothing all day; and Mr. Harway was thirsty, but still he kept his post and watched the little cottage. He had quite made up his mind now as to what course of action he should pursue, and only wanted to be quite sure that the lady he had seen with Dr. Griffith was his wife; once that was ascertained he felt assured he could blackmail the doctor as much as he pleased.

It was nearly six o'clock when Dr. Griffith left the house and proceeded towards the ferry, and Mr. Harway carefully kept himself concealed until he had passed; he then approached the house and boldly rung the bell.

A smart little girl came to the door and inquired his business.

"Does Dr. Griffith live here?"

"Yes, sir; but he has just gone over to Montreal."

"Is Mrs. Griffith in?"

"Yes; do you wish to see her?"

"No; I only wanted to know if Dr. Griffith left a parcel here for me. He promised he would leave some medicine here and I was to call for it; will you see if he left anything for Mr. Thompson—my name is Thompson."

The girl made the requested inquiry, and, of course answered as Mr. Harway expected that nothing had been left for him.

He then drew the girl into a little casual conversation and learned that the family had only lately arrived from New York, and had been at the cottage a few weeks.

Fully satisfied with his day's work, Mr. Harway wended his way towards the ferry thinking over his future plan of action.

"I sha'n't tackle him just yet," he thought. "I will let a few days elapse and meantime I can watch him, and, maybe, find out something more as will be useful."

He had recourse to the dirty handkerchief and black pipe as he reached the ferry-boat, and when seated on the upper deck, he again expressed himself, half aloud,

"I'm blessed!"

SCENE II.

MRS. GRIFFITH MAKES AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

The scene which had transpired in the little cottage had not been a peaceful one. Doctor Griffith had visited his wife with the idea of securing her consent to remain in Longueuil for the next two weeks, but his mission had not been so successful as he had anticipated.

Mamie was taking a walk with her little girl when the doctor landed from the ferryboat and met them, and they strolled up together towards the cottage.

The doctor did not feel in a particularly amiable mood, and Mamie was far from being pleased at the way she had been treated since her arrival in Montreal, the walk to the cottage was, therefore, almost a silent one. The little girl ran ahead for most of the way, and from time to time endeavored to attract the attention of her father with some casual, childish remark, but with only partial success.

Arrived at the cottage Dr. Griffith prepared to urge his reasons for Mamie's remaining in Longueuil until after the birth of her baby; but, before he could do so she took the initiative by remarking,

"Harry, I want to go over to Montreal to live; it seems so strange for you to be living there, and Fan"—that was the little girl—"and I over here. Besides, you come to see me so seldom, and I am getting nervous about my sickness, and I should like to have you with me when I am ill."

Her husband drew her towards him and tried hard to show a semblance of the love he did not feel; but the kiss he imprinted on her forehead was very cold, and she half turned from him with a sigh.

"Don't get foolish fancies in your head," he said, playfully smoothing her hair, "you will get through all right, and, of course, I will be with you; but, I don't see what good can be done by your going to Montreal to live. You have a nice, comfortable house here, and it would be better for you and Fan to remain here until the winter sets in, then, ofcourse, you must move over to Montreal."

She remained silent for a few moments, her head drooped on his shoulder, and a few tears forced themselves into her eyes as she answered,

"Harry, you used to love me once—oh! how long ago it seems—don't keep away from me now, it won't be for long. I feel that I shall never live through the next few weeks, let me die with you. I have no one but you and Fan, let me be with both of you to the last."

Her head rested on his shoulder, and she sobbed convulsively as she clung to him. He held her tenderly in his arms, but there was no love in his heart as he tried to sooth her, and drive away her fears. He remembered how, years ago, he had loved this woman, and hung on her lightest word; how he had sinned to win her, and how he had gloried in the fact of having won her, and he wondered at himself that he could now be so cold and insensible to her caresses; but another love had entered his heart and it was dead to the one who loved him so well, even after she knew he no longer cared for her.

Woman's love is a curious anomaly; pure and holy in itself, it so often becomes attached to some impure and unworthy object, but, like the limpet to the rock, it clings on till death; and, although conscious of the unworthiness of the object of its adoration, still it cannot change its devotion, but remains constant in its affection to the last.

Mamie Griffith knew her husband well and thoroughly. She knew him as a bold, bad, unscrupulous man, and was only too well assured that he had ceased to love her; but at this moment all the old tenderness for him came back, and she almost persuaded herself that she might yet re-kindle the affection of the past within his breast, and win him back to her.

She cried softly and quietly on his shoulder for a few seconds, and he continued to smooth her hair and try to calm her excited feelings.

"Come, come, Mamie," he said, "you are exciting yourself unnecessarily; there is no danger; you will be all right in a few weeks, and, meanwhile, you can be very nice and comfortable here. I will come over every day to see you, and soon you will laugh at your own foolish fears."

His tone was soft and gentle, and he continued to caress her; but she drew slightly away from him, and looked up at him in partial distrust.

"Harry," she said, "why do you want to keep

me out of Montreal? Ever since I came from the States you have tried to prevent my visiting the city, and have made me remain here as much as possible. What is the reason?"

"There is no reason," he answered, drawing her to him and pressing her forehead with his lips, "it is only your own imagination. I think it would be better for you to remain here until the baby is born; you are not strong, and the air here is purer than in a large city."

"But I want to be in Montreal; I want to be with you."

"And I say you shall stay here." His voice was cold and hard now, and there was no gentleness or tenderness in its tones.

She drew herself quite away from him and stood proudly regarding him for a moment; then she said, not hastily nor angrily, but slowly and with emphasis:

"I shall move over to Montreal on the first of next month, when our lease is up."

"What?"

"I mean what I say. You have some scheme or plot which I don't understand now, which requires my absence from Montreal; but I won't be made an innocent party to any of your schemes. Trust me, Harry, oh, trust me as you used to when we were children together"—the woman's voice had grown soft and tender again, and there were tears in her eyes—"and I will be true and loving to you, as I have always tried to be; but"—and here her voice grew hard and firm again—"I am your wife, and as long as I live I will allow no woman to usurp my place. You might have ceased to love me, but you have no right to love any other woman while I am alive, and I won't permit it."

She stood boldly and defiantly before him now; and he lowered his eyes as he answered her, half soothingly:

"Don't let us have a scene, Mamie; you shall not come to Montreal now; I do not please that you should. In the course of three or four weeks you will be well over your sickness, and then you can come."

"I will come next week," she answered obstinately, and then sat down exhausted on the sofa and burst into a passionate flood of tears. All the jealousy in the woman's nature was aroused; she feared that her husband loved another, and she was of too fiery a disposition to remain quiet under the insult. He might not love her, but he should love no one else while she lived.

SCENE III.

DR. GRIFFITH MAKES UP HIS MIND.

Dr. Griffith and Mr. Harway crossed on the same boat from Longueuil, but the latter, noticing the doctor, make himself scarce, and escaped observation. It was no part of the plan of systematic blackmail he proposed, that his victim should know too soon the information he had gained; in fact Mr. Harway was not very certain that he had gained any very important information yet, but he had no doubt that by quietly watching the doctor for a few days he could supply the links he needed to complete the chain of evidence as to the "game" the doctor was up to.

To put it in Mr. Harway's own thoughts to himself there was "a woman in it somewhere," but who the woman was, and just "where" she came in were points he intended to discover before he again visited the doctor. For this purpose he followed his intended victim home, and, having watched through the blinds and seen him seated at the supper table, retired to satisfy the cravings of his own inner nature, he being very forcibly reminded that he had had no breakfast or dinner, and that all the support he had received that day had been derived from the doubtful source of the black pipe, and an equally black bottle without which he never travelled.

But Mr. Harway did not desert his post long; having fortified himself with some bread and meat at the nearest restaurant, and replenished the black bottle, he returned to Beaver Hall Hill and took up his position opposite Doctor Griffith's office.

The doctor did not enjoy his supper. The scene with his wife had not tended to improve his appetite, and he soon rose from the table to return to his office. As he was leaving the room the servant girl handed him a small envelope which had been left for him during the day. On reaching his office he opened it and read the few lines traced on the scented note paper enclosed. This is what the note contained:

"I have not seen you for a week. Why don't you call? ANNIE."

He read the lines several times, and pondered over them for a few minutes. In the humor he was then in it needed only some trifling incident to decide him as to the desperate step he had been contemplating for the past week.

"Annie Howson, and one hundred thousand dollars." That was the thought which filled his mind; and, terrible as was the course he was steeling himself to pursue in order to attain his object, he had made up his mind to follow his evil inclination, ere he rose from his chair and donned his overcoat and hat to call on Miss Howson.

Mr. Harway, peeping through the blinds wondered at the stern, hard expression which gradually crept over the doctor's face as he sat and thought over the details of his cruel design; but Mr. Harway, bad as he was, would have shuddered if he could have read the thoughts which were passing through the man's mind.

"Annie Howson, and one hundred thousand dollars." The words seemed to have photographed themselves on his mind, and he thought them over again and again as he lowered the gas, and passed out into the street.

Mr. Harway slunk after him in the darkness and followed him until he reached Mr. Howson's residence in Sherbrooke street. He watched until the doctor had entered, and then approaching the door he read the name very plainly marked on the imposing brass plate,

"James Howson."

Amongst the various scraps of knowledge which Mr. Harway had found very frequently useful to him was an acquaintance with the names of the richest men in any city where he may happen to temporarily reside, and when he read the name "James Howson" he recognised it as that of one of the "merchant princes" of Montreal, and he rubbed his hands pleasantly together in a satisfied sort of manner.

"I'm blessed," he muttered softly, "if I don't see his game now. It's a big fish you're angling for, Doc., but I hope you'll land it and I'll come in for my share of the spoils. I'm a perfect gentleman, and I do like to earn an honest living without having to work for it."

(To be continued.)

MY INITIATION.

A western man having been "made" a Good Templar in one of the Ontario towns, gives the following amusing account of what he passed through;

Met a friend on the street; asked me to join the Good Templars, have a first-rate time, get acquainted with lots of pretty girls and go home with them; asked me if he should take my name. "Don't care if you do." Got a letter saying I had been elected; thought I'd join, thought I'd go into Bob's and took in glass, saw sugar in glass; went to Jim's, looked in glass to fix necktie; started to find hall, asked a fellow if he knew where it was, said he didn't, saw some girls going up stairs, thought that must be the place; went up two pairs of stairs, knocked at the door, man inside put his ear to a hole, asked him what he wanted, said he wanted the password, told him I didn't want to pass any words with him, said I had come to join, he let me in a little room and told me to sit down. By and by a fellow came out and asked if there was any one to be initiated and went in; then two fellows with red collars on came out, one asked me if I'd be obedient to the rules of order, and take the pledge against the use (as a beverage) of all that would intoxicate, and a number of other questions; the other asked me for stamps, planked down the cash and they departed. Soon No. 1 returned, told me they were all ready and to follow him. He knocked at the door, fellow inside wasn't going to let us in but changed his mind and opened the door; girls and boys all jumped up and commenced singing, soon done and sat down; walked me before an officer with a young lady on each side of him; next took me round and halted me before a young lady on the other side of the room, don't know what she said, was looking at her all the time. Marched me around again, heard the girls whispering and talking, "wonder if he is married—he is pretty good-looking—perfectly horrid — splendid, I'm just going for him," etc; halted before another officer who came down and shook hands with me. I said how do you do, how are all the folks? He kept on talking and told me to sign the constitution. Did so, and was marched up before the first officer, who gave me a lot of signs—don't know what they were, was looking at the girls on each side of him. Soon all the boys and girls jumped up and joined hands; one of the girls gave me a glass of water, it was not very bad, but pretty thin; the other girl put her arm around my neck and put a white collar on me—thought she was agoing to kiss me, but she didn't. Then they put me in the circle, joined hands with the girl who said I was "splendid," then they had intermission, all came up and shook hands with me — called me brother; didn't know I had so many brothers and sisters before. In the latter part of the evening, asked the girl who said she was "going for me," if I could see her home, she said I could if her husband was willing — didn't wait to see, but took my hat and left whistling:

Nor shall the pledge be ever forgot,
That so much bliss creates;
We'll touch not, taste not, handle not,
Whate'er intoxicates.

Some few years ago a gentleman who had been dining, "not wisely, but too well," in the course of the evening drew a cheque for a large amount, and, having signed it, poked it, by means of a stick, into a box placed at the gate of a charitable institution to receive the donations of passers-by. When he regained his sobriety the next morning he remembered with horror his liberality of the previous night, and addressed a moving appeal to the managers of the institution in question to restore to him the amount of the cheque, which he found had been cashed before he had time to dress himself and drink one bottle of soda-water. As it was found that the unfortunate man had absolutely left himself penniless, the managers, it is believed, kindly allowed him a small sum to carry him on until the next quarter, but the shock was too much for him, and after a few days of intense mental agony he fell into a state of total abstinence, from which he never rallied.

AT A PARTY.

"Yes, the music to-night has been charming,
That waltz not e'en Schubert could mend;
But when just to the pace we were warming,
Alas! that its sweetness should end!
In the *Winter's Tale* Florizel kneeling
Tells Perdita—'When you do dance
I'd have you dance ever!' his feeling
Was mine in that swiftly-whirled trance.

"Second only to waltzing is walking
'Neath bright stars out here on the lawn,
Where the moonlight sleeps calmest, and talking
With you, I could talk until dawn!
We will stroll till they finish 'The Lancers,'
Pluck roses and gaze at the skies;
As I chat, if you're puzzled for answers,
Why, speak to me then with your eyes.

"Let me give you this bud, the plot's sweetest—
Don't kill it so close to your cheeks,
Rather hold it, and think as thou greetest
Its fragrance, that then my love speaks.
There! 'twill out! since I first saw you growing
Like summer's morn perfect in grace,
Dear, I've loved you and worshipped, not knowing
True bliss save when smiles decked your face!

"In the far pearly west, there, love's planet
Breathes hope as I bow at your shrine,
Nerves my heart to the venture—how can it
Hold back when it beats but with thine?
Let the bar 'twixt our lives now be broken;
Sweet Lucy, forgive my demand!
May I keep this dropped glove for a token
That with it is given your hand?"

"Many thanks for the kind words you've uttered—
How troublesome oft is the heart!—
Shall I say I'm a little bit fluttered?
Confess that I feel Cupid's dart?
Starlight, sentiment, love-sighs are fitter
For boys and girls—we think them slow;
You a Benedict!—Hear the club twitter!
I married and done for!—no, no!

"Now, my glove, please: you'll thank me to-morrow,
At present don't mope or complain;
For love-stricken hearts in real sorrow,
Best cure is a glass of Champagne.
You shall get me some chicken, and quickly
Forget one you now think so false;
There, be wiser—your rose-bud is prickly—
And then you shall have the next waltz."

THE YORKSHIREMAN AND THE IRISH GHOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IF I WERE DICTATOR."

It was in the old coaching-days, and, having taken an outside seat on the mail from York to Doncaster, I had fallen into conversation with my neighbor, a tall, stout, florid man, with a great good-humored face and a very bright twinkle in his eye. From what he said, there was little difficulty in guessing him to be a farmer somewhere near Doncaster, and, if his shrewdness in talk was any test of his business-powers, certainly a successful one. By and by our chat happened to turn on ghosts.

"Ah, sir, and so you don't believe in ghosts?" said my companion, laughing, and with his eye twinkling humorously; "well, but what do you say to a man like myself, that has seen and talked with one? Come, now, we shall be together for an hour yet; so if you like, I'll tell you the story."

I was only too glad to have the monotony of my journey relieved. Accordingly he began.

"I am a Yorkshireman born and bred, sir, and I've always lived in this county, and I think I always shall, for I'm a bit proud of it. Well, when I was thirty, I began to find that the old farm where my father lived was too little for both of us, after I had got a wife and some children of my own; so I determined to set up on my own account if I could get another farm pretty cheap. My father promised to stock it for me, as in fact was only right, for he was a man well-to-do. After some time, I heard of five hundred acres or so that were to be let a few miles north of Doncaster, and I went over to see them. Considering the quality, the land seemed to be dirt cheap, and, thinking I was in for a good thing, I called at once on the agent.

"'Yes, that is the price,' he said; 'very cheap, I think. In fact, you would not get it at nearly that, only there is a silly story about the house belonging to the land being haunted, and—it is no use not telling you, for you will hear it at the first inn you go to—nobody will live in it. I wanted Mr. Robinson, the owner, to build another; it would be well worth his while; but he is an old man, with only a life interest in the property, so he is for all he can get out of the land without much outlay. Many people have been after the farm, but they could not live on it without a house, and were all afraid of the present one. I hope you are not afraid of a ghost or two, Mr. Crabtree?'—John Crabtree is my name, sir.

"'Oh, I'm pretty much like other people in that way,' I answered, not wishing to seem too eager, for fear he raised the price. 'But I'll think the thing over, sir; and perhaps you'll give me the refusal.'

"By the time I had been gone from his door five minutes I had made up my mind what to do. Here was a chance such as I might never have again, and it seemed absurd to throw it away for a cock-and-bull story of a ghost; but then I didn't know about such things, and there might be a thousand ghosts in Yorkshire for anything I could tell. It would never do to take the land if there was only such a house with it as one could not live in. I determined therefore to settle about the house first, by going there that very night and seeing for myself.

"Grimstead House—that's the name—was a mile and a half out of the village, and I thought it best to have a right good dinner at the inn before I went up to it, because a man has always a better heart when he has something on his stomach. When I had done, 'And now, waiter,' said I, 'let us have a couple of bottles of your best whiskey in case of accident. I am going up to Grimstead House to sleep.'

"He was a thin little chap, and he stared at me a bit, as if to see whether I were in earnest. Then he replied, 'Well, you must be a bold man, that's all I can say; but perhaps you don't know the stories about the house?'

"'No, I should like to hear them; but I am going all the same.'

"Then he told me that it was supposed an Irish pedlar had been murdered there, some twelve years before, by the farmer who then lived at the place, and who had a very bad character. This farmer had soon afterwards gone abroad with all his family—frightened away, people said—and then the house got a bad name. Strange things were seen and heard—rattling of chains, slamming of doors, and other noises no one could make out, while sometimes a figure in white, dreadfully like the poor murdered pedlar, was seen in the passages or rooms, and sometimes there was a skeleton walking about. However, whether these things were true or not, none of the tenants afterwards had ever stayed in the house above a few weeks, and at last the owner had been obliged to let the land separate at a very low rent to a great farmer in the neighborhood, while Grimstead House was allowed to remain empty and go to ruin. The last person who lived in it was an old blind woman who had died there two or three years before, and, if I was really determined to stop the night in the house, the waiter thought I should find a few of her things there. They had never been fetched away, as they were worth scarcely anything, and nobody knew who they belonged to. According to the waiter, the blind woman 'walked' as well as the pedlar.

"'I shall want you to go with me and fit things up a bit,' I said, when he had done. 'If one is to see these ghosts, one might as well see them comfortably as not, you know.'

"At first he said he wouldn't; but when I told him I only wanted him to help me to get some wood and set a fire a-going, and then he might come back as soon as he liked, while I would give him five shillings if he did this and held his tongue about it, he agreed to go, bargaining however that we should start at once that he might get into the road again before it was dark.

"So off we went, carrying my bottles of whiskey, a couple of tumblers for fear one was broken, and also a 'Racing Calendar,' the only book he could get for me at the inn. However, I thought I should get through the night very well with these, for like all Yorkshiremen I'm a bit interested in horses.

"The house was a rambling old place, gloomy enough at the best, and more so now with the damp and cobwebs and general go-to-ruin look it had got with not being lived in so long. We did not go over it all; but a big room upstairs, which he said the blind woman had used, seemed in the best repair, and I decided to stop in that. There was still her old truckle-bed at the farther side, besides a strong deal chair, a little table, and a rusted kettle, with a good many mouldy barrels in one corner. He brought a handful of dry straw for lighting from a stack we passed, and by breaking up one or two of the barrels we soon had a decent fire. Then we found an old washing-pot in the yard, which we pumped full of water and carried up to the room. After this, as it was getting dusk and he began to be fidgetty, I gave him his five shillings and told him he might go.

"He was not long in making himself scarce, I can tell you. 'Well, sir,' were the last words he said, 'I wish you would go back with me yet; but as you won't, I hope you'll be none the worse for it in the morning.' Then I heard him go tramp, tramp, tramp, down the stairs, and, when he had slammed the front door to with noise enough to frighten half-a-dozen ghosts, set off running as hard as he could. And now I was left alone till morning, without a soul within a mile of me—or if there were souls, at any rate there were no living bodies.

"When he was fairly away, I thought it as well to go down and fasten the front door after him, which I did with difficulty, for the lock and bolts were all rust. Then I came back, pulled up the table and chair to the fire, and filled the old kettle. Next I broke up some more of the barrels and put the bits near the grate to dry, mixed myself a glass of hot whiskey and water, lighted one of the candles I had brought with me, and, opening my 'Calendar,' lit my pipe and made myself as comfortable as I could.

"The nights closed in early then—it was January—so I was likely to have a good long sit of it before morning. However, I got on pretty well for some hours. Sometimes I read, and when I did not find my book as interesting as it might have been, I sat looking into the fire and thinking, over my pipe, how pleasant it would be to have the children and Ann (that's my dame) on the other side of the fireplace in a house of our own. Sometimes I think I dozed off a bit, and when I got tired of all this, I went to the window and opened it to see what kind of a night it was. Well, it was wild enough—wind and deep snow, so that you could only see a few yards. Many queer noises I heard, too;

it is only when you have tried stopping in an uninhabited house on a stormy night like that, that you can believe what strange sounds there can be.

"But I was not very 'skeary,' and, setting all these noises down to the wind, got on pretty comfortably till near twelve o'clock, when I was well on, I remember, in my fourth tumbler. I had just been looking at my watch and was congratulating myself that half the night was gone, when I heard a sound quite different from all the rest. It was as if a door in a distant part of the house was slammed to with such violence as to shake every wall of the crazy building and ring through every part of it. At the same time my own door was blown open to the very back, while a low moan of pain seemed to be uttered close to my ear. I started up and looked round, while my little Skye terrier, which had been quiet enough hitherto, also jumped up and, stretching out its neck towards the open door, gave a long and extraordinary howl, keeping its tail between its legs; then it rushed into a dark corner behind the barrels and lay there trembling.

"'The ghost is coming now and no mistake,' I said to myself; 'but I'll see what he's like.' So snatching up the candle and a thick knob-stick, which was the only weapon I had, I went out of the room in the direction of the sound. I will not say that I was not considerably 'creepy,' but the whiskey helped to keep up my courage. I called to Dicky to follow me, but for once Dicky was deaf and stopped behind his barrels.

"I saw nothing till I got nearly to the top of the stairs leading to the ground floor; then in the opposite passage, which was very wide and dark, I saw something looking like a dirty-white cloud that half filled the passage. It did not look like substance, yet it was something, and that something plaguily like a man, only, where the head should have been, there was an awful round bit of what looked like solid midnight.

"I was struck still, I can tell you; for I saw the thing was floating gently forward towards the top of the stairs where I was standing, yet I could not hear the slightest sound of a step. My hair stood on end with fright, and my candle seemed to burn blue, as the ghost came gradually out of the darkness. The strange thing was that, however much I looked, I could not make out any definite form or features, but yet that the whole was so much like a man. It did not seem to notice me, and apparently would have turned down the front stairs quietly. But I was determined to know what it was, and so, as it passed, I thrust my knob-stick out at it. The stick went right through, just as it would have gone through mist, but the ghost took no notice still and disappeared down the stairs, leaving me in a nice state of fright, as you may think—being quite certain now that it was a ghost.

"I think I should have bolted out of the house then and there, only unluckily the way out was just the way the ghost had gone; so I rushed back into my room and latched the door again, there being no lock. There I sat, finishing my glass, and cursing my stars for having thrust me on such a business. I could not but hope however that, if I kept quiet, the ghost would not come to see me, and I had had quite enough of going to see the ghost.

"But the ghost, it seemed, had no intention of letting me get off so, and by and by I heard another door bang, and then a sound as if some one were coming upstairs with a pair of wooden legs—pit, pat—only gentler. I hoped, with my heart in my mouth, that the thing would go back to its own quarters like a decent ghost, and I listened hard which way it turned when it got to the stairs-head. But, no! pit pat—louder and louder—it was coming straight towards my room, and presently my door seemed to fly open of itself, and in his lordship stalked, coming forward, pit pat, within a few yards of my chair, and then, standing right opposite, looking at me, and I looking at him, with my hair on end.

"This ghost was quite different from the other; for though it was dressed, as it were, in a whitish cloud, I could plainly see a skeleton with the ribs, arms, and long thigh-bones below, while on the top was a ghastly skull, with its white teeth grinning horribly, and pitch darkness in its eyeballs, though every now and then there was a glisk of something in them, as if there was a black diamond glittering at the bottom of the pits. Well, there he stood and I sat, quite still for at least ten minutes, staring at each other.

"At last, beginning to think this very funny, as he never tried to meddle with me, I reached out my hand to the glass and took a rattling good swig. Then, a little emboldened, after clearing out my throat, which was a bit husky, as you may suppose, I said to him, 'Won't you sit down, sir? It's as cheap sitting as standing,' and I pointed to one of the barrels.

"'Shure, an' ye might have asked me before, ye ill-natured gossoon,' he said, in a thin, hollow sort of voice, that was very queer, especially when joined with a touch of the brogue. 'Ye knew I couldn't speak till ye spoke to me, and one's legs get tired enough standing all day minding the spit.'

"'Lord, now,' said I, a cold shudder running through me as he sat down on the barrel, which was away from the fire and not far from the table, so that he still faced me; 'Lord, now, and what's the spit?'

"'Don't you be over-curious, now, Johnny Crabtree,' says he. 'But the spit's what we roast and baste the poor bad divils on — hot work it is, and no mistake.'

"Murder, this is awful,' I said to myself, 'sitting hob-nob with a ghost in this way.' And then I wondered how he knew my name; but as he seemed disposed to be friendly, I thought it best to try and keep in with him; so after a bit I said to him, 'Won't your honor come a bit nearer the fire? It's a mortal cold night.'

"'Faix, an' that I won't,' says he crossly; 'an' I don't call it could at all — just pleasant.' And this when there was an inch of ice on the ponds in the morning, all during the night!

"Well, we sat silent a while after this, and I drank and drank away to keep my courage up. I saw, however, that he watched the glass every time it went to my lips, and by and by he began edging his barrel a bit nearer the table, thinking I did not notice him. So a fellow-feeling began to make me guess what he would like.

"'Come, come, sir,' said I, 'you'd better have a drop of something comfortable, as you are here. It isn't bad whiskey, and I've got another glass in case of accidents; here you are,' pushing the empty glass and the bottle towards him.

"'Well, an' ye might have invited me to that same before, Johnny Crabtree, if ye hadn't been an inhospitable fellow,' he answered, more good-naturedly, while the black diamonds at the bottom of his eyes seemed to twinkle. 'Ye should always, when a gintleman comes to see you, offer him a drink first thing — it's only polite. And it does smell good, as you say. But it's forbidden—we are all teetotallers, down there.' And I caught a sound like the ghost of a sigh coming from him, while he edged his chair quite up to the table this time, and put his long, bony, hand on it near the glass, as if by accident.

"'Who's to tell?' said I, boldly, seeing he only wanted pressing. 'Teetotallers! Faith, if that's the game, I'd rather not go there."

"'No, it's dull, there's no denying,' says he; then, after a pause, he went on, 'Well Johnny, if ye're quite sure now, ye won't tell———'

"'Tell! Honor of a gentleman," said I.

"'Well, then, I'll just take the weest drop in life with ye, Johnny, just that ye may say ye've had the honor of drinking a glass with Patrick O'Shammahoy.'

"'That's right, Mr. O'Shammahoy; and now we'll be comfortable. Hot or cold?'

"'Och, could for me, Johnny—well, after all, ye are a better fellow than I took ye for. Oh, thank ye, I'll mix for myself;' and I felt chilly again, as I watched his bony fingers clasp the bottle and lift it up. A pretty stiff glass he mixed himself, I can tell you; then he lifted the glass to his lips, and I heard it clatter against his white teeth. He took a little sip first, and apparently liked it, for his eyes twinkled again, and he seemed as if he were trying to smack his lips, only he had none to smack. However, without putting the glass quite down, he lifted it again and bottomed it at a gulp.

"'Dad,' says he, as he pushed the empty glass along the table, 'but it's swate after niver tasting a blessed drop these twelve years.'

"'Dear me, now, is it as long as that?' said I.

"'Ay, that it is, Johnny,' says he, mixing himself another glass, without my asking him, this time. 'Och, but it was a dirty trick that Jimmy Carruthers played me, to run a knife into me—and we so thick before! Won't I roast him for it, when he comes?'

"'Serve him right, too, Mr. O'Shammahoy. Then, if I may take the liberty of asking, you are the pedlar that was murdered here some years ago for his pack?'

"'Mr. Crabtree, do ye mean to insult me?' he said, in a huff. 'Because ye'd better not, as ye know. I am the gintleman, sir, that was compelled by circumstances over which he had no control, to work for his living for a time; but my family, sir—bedad, pedlar! However, it is aisy to see, Johnny Crabtree, ye are of no particular family yerself—only one of the commonalty, as we say; so I excuse ye, as not understanding sich delicate questions. Yis, I excuse you, sir—on that account alone,' pouring some more whiskey into his glass.

"I begged his pardon, assuring him I had meant no offence, and congratulating myself on my forethought in bringing two bottles instead of one.

"'Mighty cold walking it must be for you, Mr. O'Shammahoy, in a sheet, and a night like this,' I said, by way of changing the subject.

"'Why, as to being could that's just the beauty of it, Johnny,' he answered. 'If ye saw the fires we keep below, ye'd wonder—ten million Barrow furnaces all roaring at once are nothing to 'em. And it's very exhausting being all day in the heat; so when we get out we always choose the coolest place we can find and dress in our thinnest suit, too—in fact, some of us come out with nothing on at all, at all, just to get cool again.'

"'But you ought not to have the punishment of walking,' I said; 'it ought to be that scoundrel Carruthers.'

"'Ay, he's a dirty villain if ye like; but ye mistake the matter intirely, Johnny — as, indeed, it is likely ye would, being ignorant of the whole thing. It isn't a punishment to walk; it's a privilege—and the only one we poor ghosts get, though I say it that oughn't to say it.'

"'But as you're so fond of the frost, I should have thought you'd prefer keeping out of doors, Mr. O'Shammahoy, instead of coming into a dirty tumble-down place like this—you that are no doubt used to such a deal grander doings down there,' said I, beginning to think that, as he seemed so civil, I might persuade him to leave Grimstead.

"'Well, there's something in what ye say, but ye see it's the ould place, and one must have a house somewhere, Johnny; not but what it is more fun out of doors, because one has more society and isn't so lonely, like. Barrin' yerself, Mr. Crabtree, I haven't had a bit of talk with anybody here these four years; but in the cross roads and near the churchyards, bless ye, them's the places for fun! To see the childer and ould women run away, howling as soon as they catch sight of a bit of one's skirt behind a tree, and then to follow 'em invisible and hear what tales they tell about one, oh, it's prime, Johnny, it is, indeed! You have a deal more courage than most folk to be sitting here and talking, my boy.'

"'Why, it's your affability, Mr. O'Shammahoy, that puts one so at one's ease,' said I, edging in a bit of soft sawder, and passing the bottle. 'But that's always the case with you real gentlemen. However, I wonder, now, you don't stick to the roads, as you find them so much pleasanter than indoors?'

"'What, ye want to keep me out of my own house, do ye?' he asked, suspiciously; 'but ye won't do it, Johnny Crabtree.'

"'Well, come now,' I said, boldly. 'I've treated you well, Mr. O'Shammahoy, and one good turn deserves another. Promise me, now, there's a good fellow, that you won't walk again just here in the house. I want to take the farm.'

"'Och, an' it's mighty little thanks ye give me, it seems to me, Mr. Crabtree, for the honor I do ye in coming to see you,' he cried in a passion. 'Do ye know, sir, I'm descended from the ould kings of Tipperary? We are all down yonder, and there I wouldn't be seen talking to an ill-bred calf like yerself for something.'

"'Oh, for myself, Mr. O'Shammahoy, I assure you I should always be delighted to see you here, and proud I should be of the honor,' I answered; 'but you see, it's my wife and the children. I dare say you'd scarcely think so, but your appearance, you know——'

"'And who says anything against my appearance, eh? I'm thought a very handsome ghost by better judges than you, Johnny,' and the vain Patrick actually took up the candle and went to a bit of looking-glass which was still hanging against the wall, where he stood admiring and primming himself up for a bit—tapping straight one or two of his teeth and adjusting a rib which was a little awry, till I could have laughed outright, only I durst not. 'I can see nothing much amiss, and I think ye have no taste, Johnny,' he continued, bringing the candle back and seating himself again.

"'What can your honor expect,' I said, 'from a poor farmer lad? Still, I didn't mean to say your form isn't perfect, but just to hint, if I could do it without offence—that—that is a little bit out of the common—unusual, and might disturb people, such as my children, that were not accustomed to it; and I'm sure your politeness, and you a born gentleman, wouldn't let you do that."

"'They disturb me,' he said sulkily, 'and it's no good yer asking such a thing, Johnny — I wonder at your presumption asking a gintleman to give up his own house, and I willn't do it'.

"'You Irish bone-bag! then I'll make you do it, or my brains are sheep suet,' I muttered between my teeth, seeing he was so stiff. Besides, hearing him talk so like a vain fool, I began to be less afraid of him; but I thought I must first get to understand all about him before I could do anything: so I began praising him up, very humbly you know, and getting him to brag about his exploits as a ghost, at which I laughed; and at last he told me how it was he had come to-night.

"'It was my night out, ye see, Johnny,' he said; 'so thinks I, I'll just take my poor ould bones out for an airing, and I was going for them when you ran against me at the stairs-head, you big spalpeen.'

"'Dear me, now,' said I, 'then you don't always walk about as—as you are now.'

"'Bless you, no: when one feels lively and wants to have a bit of a spree or to travel fast, one doesn't encumber oneself, ye know; but if one prefers a sort of—ahem!—stately promenade, raelly majestic, why then one takes one's bones with one.'

"'But are they your real bones, Mr. O'Shammahoy?' I asked him.

"'Shure, an' why not?—and a pretty to-do there would be if any of 'em were missing when I took 'em back. He's plaguy particular, is ould Hulloth—that's him that attends to the bone department.

"'What, are they loose?' said I.

"'Loose! Faix, an' I should think so;—it requires a dale of skill to walk in 'em without tumbling to pieces intirely, and I may say not many ghosts can walk in their bones as illigantly as Patrick O'Shammahoy. Here now, just feel for yerself, Johnny,' and he made me put out my hand and touch them. It was for all the world, sir, like passing one's fingers through cold fog—that was the white part of him — but the bones were hard, just like any others, only fearfully cold, slimy, and black with mould; and then I knew that the pit-pat I had heard coming up-stairs was from his hard heels on the wood.

"Well, after this we tapped the second bottle and a roaring night we made of it. We became as jolly together as sand-boys, and I got him on singing—not very spiritual songs, either — and then I sang, and we made a famous row, sir. But for all that I did not forget my purpose of getting quit of him for ever if I could, and so I drank as little as possible, myself, passing the bottle whenever he did not see me, which was often; for from never having tasted the 'craitur' for so long, he began to be a bit elevated. Seeing this I kept filling up his glass with whiskey instead of water, and he never noticed the difference, but drank away at the raw spirit as if it was half and half. So that at last—as you might expect, sir—he dropped off dead asleep, and by and by rolled off his barrel on the floor, where he lay just like anybody else that had got a drop too much.

"When I saw this I knelt down and slily slipped off his legs at the knee-joint, and then his right arm at the shoulder, for I thought he might be dangerous if I left that. I found them come off quite easily, for, as he said, they were all loose—only the nasty mouldy things made me shudder as I handled them. Then after thinking a minute how to stow them where he would not be likely to find them, I hid them all under one of the barrels.

"After he had lain about half an hour or so, I sitting watching him, a bit frightened as to what he would do when he awoke—all at once I heard a cock crow outside, and I saw him start off as if in a scare.

"'Och, murther,' he cried, 'there's the cock, and I shall be late again! Well, Johnny, I must be off in a hurry, but the best of friends must part, and when ye git settled here I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you often' (he grinned with all his white teeth): 'we've had a jolly night, haven't we? Blood and all the powers now, an' what's this?' (raising himself to a sitting posture) 'my legs have dropped off, somehow'—then he seemed to be looking about on the ground for them—'och, the blazes, and my arm too. Now, Johnny, help me to find 'em, there's a good fellow—I shall catch it if I'm not back in a jiffy.'

"'I help you, Paddy! Not if I know it,' said I laughing.

"'Och, ye ungrateful thief,—but just let me find 'em, and then I'll give you a dressing.' So he kept looking about and groping with his left arm for them. 'What, they aren't here at all, at all—oh, ye treacherous Yorkshire tyke, and so ye've taken them, have ye? Ye'd better give them up instantly,' and he looked dreadfully fierce, and tried to raise himself. I was a bit frightened when he got up on his stumps, but as soon as I saw he tumbled over again I began laughing.

"'And so a Tipperary bog-trotter, like you, thought you would be a match for a Yorkshireman, did you, Paddy?' said I, coolly sitting still and blowing out a long whiff.

"The cock crew again, and after trying once more to get up, he began whining: 'Och, Johnny, for the love of heaven—my lave 'll be stopped for a year. Johnny' (solemnly), 'where are my bones?'

"'You must first swear you'll never enter this house again, bones or no bones,' said I, smoking on undisturbed.

"'O ye heartless villain!—It u'd be the death of me, Johnny, to leave the ould place' (whinning): 'how can ye ask such a thing of a poor ghost?'

"'No bones till you swear, Paddy.'

"'Well, thin—I'm all on a brown sweat with fright—O Johnny, have pity. Well thin, I swear.'

"So I made him swear by all the powers I could think of; then I got him his bones, which he clapped on in a great hurry and rushed out of the door, not forgetting, however, as he sped past the table, to seize hold of the whiskey-bottle and fling it at my head as he vanished.

"I dodged the bottle and escaped, but somehow in backing to avoid it, I stumbled over the chair and hit my head against the floor, stunning myself, I think At all events there I lay for hours, and when I woke up, it was broad day.

"I was very cold, for the fire was burnt out. For a few minutes I couldn't recollect where I was or what had happened, and only felt that I had a cracking headache; but the sight of the broken bottle on the floor brought the whole thing back to me.

"Well, sir, I trusted to Paddy's oath, and went and took the farm that day," continued the Yorkshireman with another of those humorous flashes of his eyes; "and I've lived in the house ever since, nor have we ever seen Mr. O'Shammahoy again or any of his great relatives. In fact, some of my sceptical friends, when I tell them the story, will have it that I never saw him at all, but got drunk with the whiskey, tumbled down, and dreamed the whole thing. But then, sir, I ask them how they get over the headache and the broken bottle. These were facts, and so, sir, I leave you to form your own judgment; but if you like to turn aside for a day or two with me, I can promise you some good rabbit-shooting, and the chance of seeing Patrick O'Shammahoy for yourself."

THEY EXCEL.—Doctor Josephus's Shoshonees Vegetable Pills now superiorly sugar-coated cannot be excelled as a Family Medicine for general purposes.

The Pills contain the active properties of Mandrake and Dandelion, as well as compound Extract of Colocynth and Extract of Hyoscyamus. Test them for your own satisfaction. One box contains about 28 Pills, and each Pill is a sufficient dose for an adult in ordinary cases. Try them.

Dr. X—— had a feast, and among other things, and very unprofessional, seeing it is made of enlarged and diseased livers, a *pâté de foie gras*. A day or two after, when he wished to order something for lunch, the cook mildly suggested, "Yes, Sir, there is almost the whole of that paddy's photograph that you had the other day."

THE SNOW-LADIES.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

A pale little orphan! And where should he go
Through the pitiless night, in the drifting snow?

Seeks he a home, where the fire of the room
Flings a warm, rich glow through the gusty gloom?

Nay; the Snow Ladies float through the dusky air,
And beckon him on with their fingers fair.

Their raiments are gleaming like curtains of mist,
Flashed over and through with amethyst.

Their large gray eyes are smiling and sweet;
He follows them on through the village street.

Glad are their beckonings, merry their mood;
He follows them over the lonely road.

Lightly and brightly they float before;
And now he is out on the wild, bleak moor.

"Whither, O whither, Ladies bright,
Would you lead me on through the desolate night?"

"Afar, to the realm which thou never hast seen,
'Round the glistening halls of the good Snow Queen."

"But further my weak little feet cannot go;
I am weary and chill in the cheerless snow."

"Fear not, poor darling! thy flight shall be free;
We will take thee up, warm thee, and carry thee."

He shivers with cold as they cluster around;
But they lay him gently upon the ground.

They kiss his lips, and, away from the storm,
Tuck soft white blankets about his form.

His head they pillow so downily,
And they lull him to sleep with songs so free.

Then high through the air, where he else would freeze,
He is carried away by the Snow Ladies.

The cleared morn breaks, with a rosy glow
On a small white heap in the new-fallen snow.

Mittened and furred and muffled warm,
The farmer plods by, with a spade on his arm.

He digs in the snow—starts back in fear:
"Winds of winter! what have we here?

"Woe is me! 'Tis the wanderer, frozen and white,
Whom I drove from my door in the dim twilight."

Nay, farmer, not him! He is safe from thy spleen
In the glistening halls of the good Snow Queen.

Nor where the tall icebergs sail freezingly forth,
And the wild geese vanish away in the North;

Nor yet where the keel of the whaler has been,
Is the inner realms of the good Snow Queen.

But under the snow, where the flower-hearts sleep,
Her white palace shines by a soft summer deep;

With lily and rose, and the bright green sod,
Pranked with violets blue as the heavens of God;

Where, away from the heartless, who make the world freeze,
Along with the beautiful Snow-Ladies,

The poor little orphan for ever is seen,
To bless the warm love of the good Snow Queen.

LESTELLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROSE AND SHAMROCK," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

DARCY'S EMBASSY PROVES A FAILURE.

It was certainly an awkward predicament for a pacific negotiator to be placed in, and boded the failure of his endeavors. To attempt to reason or treat with Lestelle while a fiery young lover stood beside her—a listener to his arguments—would be useless; yet how to retreat Darcy knew not. He could only hope that the superior tact of the lady would assist him out of his difficulties.

Percy turned into the morning-room, with the assured air of one to whom the way was familiar; and his cousin obeyed his beckoning finger and followed. It was untenanted; only the little spaniel lifting his head from his cushion, and wagging his tail in grateful recognition of the surgeon.

One—two minutes elapsed, and Lestelle came hurriedly into the room. Her first glance and bow was for Darcy, her next for the Viscount, who was jealously watching her. Before she could speak to either of the cousins, Percy strode forward, and, seizing both her hands, exclaimed, "Do you know who this is, or why he is here? Do not listen to a word he utters; for he has been falsely pretending friendship for me, only that he might be the better able to play the spy upon my actions!"

Lestelle colored as she looked from one to the other; but the manly frankness of Darcy's mien seemed to reassure her.

"You are too hasty in your conclusions, my lord," she exclaimed, as she disengaged her hands from Percy's grasp. "Mr. Lesmere has not said anything yet of which either you or I have reason to complain."

"Why is he here?" Percy demanded, hotly.

"He will tell me presently. I promised him an audience; and nothing you can advance ought to prevent my listening to what he has to say."

She bent courteously to Darcy as she finished speaking; but he was not satisfied. He fancied that in this speech he detected a disposition to be treated with; and, so inconsistent is human nature, that he would have been better pleased if she had refused point blank to be separated from her young admirer.

"Let him speak then," cried Percy, sullenly, "if he is not ashamed of the errand that has brought him here—if he has not been craftily striving to creep into your good graces from the most treacherous motives. Let him say—openly and honorably, and in my presence—why he comes!"

Lestelle, whose shapely fingers were now laid lightly on the arm of the excited youth, gave Darcy a questioning look, and chafing a little at the taunts addressed to him, he answered it promptly.

"Madam, I must premise that I have nothing to say to Viscount Branceleigh, nor will I agree to his being present at the audience you have promised me. My business is with you, and you only. I come to you the bearer of a message from the Earl of Glenaughton. Though I may have taken this office upon myself too hastily, still it was with motives of which I have no reason to be ashamed, and I must beg you to give me a patient hearing."

Lestelle's eyes flashed and her bosom heaved.

"Lord Glenaughton condescends to send to me—to me, the despised actress! Then I *will* hear you, sir! You shall repeat to me word for word what he has said. You need not fear that I shall take offence at a few harsh epithets. I am accustomed to have my simplest actions misrepresented; and from the most noble the Earl of Glenaughton and Wraysley, one ought to be able to bear a great deal."

Percy would have interfered again, but she stopped him.

"Sit down, dear friend. I will send Miss Hill to you till I can return. Be calm. Do you forget?"

She finished her sentence in so low a tone that it was audible only to the still angry Viscount, who walked to the window, frowning and biting his nails. Signalling to Darcy to follow her, she led the way to a fanciful little boudoir, and pointed to a chair opposite the one in which she seated herself.

"Without permitting myself to be swayed by your cousin's remarks," she said, with a sorrowful smile, "I am obliged to see that I guessed rightly when I said that you are not amongst my well-wishers. And yet I have never done anything to incur your dislike, Mr. Lesmere."

There were tears in her eyes as she spoke, and Darcy felt confused. If this were acting, what a consummate mistress of the passions she must be! He steeled his heart against her, and answered gravely, "No one who saw Lord Glenaughton as I have seen him, sad and troubled at the conduct of his son, could feel very well-disposed towards the lady to whose influence over Viscount Branceleigh he is compelled to attribute it."

Lestelle made an impatient movement, then checked herself, and steadied her voice before she replied.

"You do not seem to know that my lord held [illegible] osely; and that his son had earned for himself the names of gamester and spendthrift before I met him."

"He was a rash, heedless boy, whom craftier men made use of for the vilest ends," retorted Darcy, indignantly.

"You are not the first that has come to that conclusion," said Lestelle, composedly. "If you had been in England, what course would you have pursued?"

"Stepped in, and rescued him from their clutches," was the prompt reply. "Need you have asked me this question?"

"And yet it is imputed to me as a crime that I did the same," she observed, with a touch of sarcasm. "Viscount Branceleigh's debts of honor are paid, and his connection with his evil associates has entirely ceased since he has known me; yet this fact is ignored because I am an actress."

"Percy forgot his manhood, when he received assistance from a woman!" cried Darcy, all his family pride in arms, and Lestelle's face grew crimson.

"I do not think with you, Mr. Lesmere. I wished to prove myself his friend, and—though it was with a reluctance that might have satisfied even you—he permitted it."

"But his relations cannot suffer him to be under this heavy obligation," Percy's kinsman replied, with haughty firmness. "Pardon me, madam, if I insist upon giving you a cheque for the amount you have advanced to my cousin."

"You *insist*, sir!" Lestelle exclaimed, with equal hauteur. "What gives you the right to say this to *me*?"

"I am empowered by Lord Glenaughton to release his son from *all* the liabilities that his folly has entailed upon him," was the stately reply. "Will you, therefore, oblige me with a statement in full of the amount you have lent to Percy?"

Lestelle smiled slightly.

"You are too late, sir—the money has just been repaid by Percy himself. The obligation, if you choose to consider it one, is not so easily cancelled. Lord Glenaughton will still have to endure the thought that he owes his son's rescue to me."

"You speak as harshly of my uncle as though he had wronged you," said Darcy, chafed by the bitterness of her tones. "How can I hope that you will listen patiently to what I wish to say, while you are indulging in such feelings?"

"Nay; it was only a little feminine exultation at the thought that, insignificant though I am, I, too, may have my triumphs," she answered with a sigh. "To whatever you may have to propose on the part of the Earl, you shall find me not only a patient, but respectful, auditor; only remember that I too have rights and feelings that may not be wholly set aside, even though it be to oblige a peer of the realm."

She folded her hands on the table, and leaning forward a little, fixed her eyes on Darcy's; and the young man bit his lip, and execrated himself for having undertaken a task which, every hour, seemed to grow more difficult. To a bold, meretricious woman, such as he had expected to find Lestelle, he could have spoken readily enough; but this fair girl bore upon her brow the impress of an untarnished purity, and he was at fault.

At last he plunged desperately into the subject.

"You must not blame Lord Glenaughton if he objects to an intimacy which he has reason to believe is likely to lead to a closer connection."

"That is, he is afraid Viscount Branceleigh meditates marrying Madame Lestelle. Pray proceed, sir."

"As he finds his son obstinately bent on ignoring his wishes, the Earl appeals to you, Madam," Darcy hurriedly went on. "Aware that the loss of a brilliant match must be a disappointment to any lady——"

But here Lestelle interrupted him.

"Permit me to ask you, sir, in what the advantages of this *brilliant match* would consist? Does Lord Glenaughton think that the honor of bearing his son's name would compensate me for the studied contempt of Percy's nearest relatives? Should I be less contemned and detested by them *then*, than I am at the present moment?"

"If you take this view of the matter, why encourage Percy's evident admiration?" asked Darcy, bluntly.

"Shall I tell you? Because I like him, and because he is miserable—weighed down with the burden of an intolerable secret, and I am sometimes able to console him."

"Percy troubled with a secret! Is he married?"

"And to me?" she queried, with a saucy smile. "No, Mr. Lesmere. You may make yourself easy on that score. The pride of the Glenaughton's will never be wounded by such a misalliance."

"Have I your permission to repeat this assurance to my uncle?"

"No, sir," and Lestelle rose as she spoke. "I have but one message to send to Lord Glenaughton. If he has anything to ask of me, let him come here, and let me have it from his own lips. Tell him the daughter of Esther Waverill, of Halesby, has no other answer to give to his messenger."

Darcy looked puzzled. "You place me in an awkward position," he said. "You leave me in ignorance of the why and wherefore you wish this. How can I urge my uncle to consent to a proposal which I must frankly tell you would be derogatory to his dignity?"

"Then do not urge it," Lestelle replied. "Repeat my words, and let him make his own decision. Lord Glenaughton is an acute statesman, a man of the world, one not given to letting his feelings overpower his judgment; will he not know how to deal with the motherless girl who has scarcely a real friend to advise or sustain her?"

"Lord Glenaughton is the soul of honor," his nephew proudly exclaimed. "You need not fear discourtesy, far less injustice, at his hands."

"I am glad to hear it," was the reply, spoken so dubiously, that Darcy was offended. Taking his hat, he bowed stiffly.

"As you positively refuse to hear me, madam, I have no alternative but to communicate your wishes to his lordship."

He had scarcely reached the door when Lestelle flitted to his side, and looked up at him beseechingly, her beautiful eyes glistening with tears."

"You are leaving me in anger. Oh, Mr. Lesmere, don't judge me too harshly. Recollect that you and I must perforce view everything from a different point of view, and that I have my wrongs to resent, and injuries to be redressed, as well as others. I have used no arts to attach Percy to me; I should be more than woman if I could drive from my presence one who finds in it some consolation when he is unhappy."

"His father has most reason to be unhappy," Darcy reminded her.

"True; but is the fault with Percy or with himself? Mr. Lesmere, you don't know all; neither do I; but I guess at your cousin's secret, and I see no remedy for the trouble it has brought with it."

"You perplex me more and more. How can I play the peace-maker if no one deals openly with me?" cried Darcy.

"Indeed, I cannot tell; I see your difficulties, but I cannot remove them," she answered, speaking with convincing earnestness. "Only believe that the estrangement which is imputed to me had commenced before I saw Viscount Branceleigh's face; and if you would serve him, prevail upon him to go abroad. A few years may bring about strange changes, and he may learn to endure his share of the world's trials with more fortitude."

"Are you not bidding me give advice which you know Percy will not follow?" asked Darcy, suspiciously. "Would he not see in it directly another attempt to separate him from you."

"But how if I second the counsel? Come with me," she added, slipping her hand into his arm,—"come and hear me help you to persuade him. Do you think my liking for him is of such a selfish character that I have not the courage to tell him to leave me when I see a necessity for it? Come!"

And Darcy made no effort to resist her will.

CHAPTER XI.

DARCY STILL LINGERS AT THE ACTRESS'S.

When they re-entered the morning-room, Percy was no longer there. He had grown out of humor at the length of the interview, and departed, leaving on the table a card with these few words pencilled upon it:—

"I am tired of waiting your leisure—tired of my life, and of the ignoble part I am acting. When will you release me from my promise?"

Lestelle murmured a gentle "Poor Percy!" and dashed away a tear before she turned to Mr. Lesmere.

"Your cousin's restlessness has carried him away, but he may return shortly. Will you stay and share my luncheon? Miss Hill, to whom I owe my education, would be pleased to have the opportunity of inquiring after her beautiful pupil, the Lady Ida."

While Darcy hesitated, she touched a bell, and assuring himself that it was solely to see Miss Hill, he stayed and renewed his acquaintance with that lady, who, however, evinced a degree of reserve and embarrassment whenever any allusion was made to Wyett, which told him that the subject of her protracted engagement was a painful one, and must be avoided.

Lestelle, delighted at having gained her point, flung care to the winds, and became the most charming of hostesses. Her gay badinage put her guest on his mettle, and even the grave Miss Hill was frequently constrained to join in their mirth. An adventure Darcy had met with in Greece, and which he had been persuaded to recount, was receiving the comments of his interested auditors, when a servant brought in a small packet, and laid it before Lestelle.

Scarcely heeding the interruption, she continued questioning Darcy, with a keen perception of his meaning and thirst for information which he found very pleasant to be able to gratify. Her busy fingers unwittingly played the while with the string that secured the packet, till Miss Hill, more curious than her pupil, demanded, "What have you there, my dear? Shall I look?"

"If you please," was the absent reply. "Did you make any stay at Missolonghi, Mr. Lesmere? You smile. You think I have the usual young lady enthusiasm for Lord Byron, but I haven't. His heroes are such fierce, lawless men, that I shudder at more than I admire them."

"Do you like his 'Address to the Sea?'" Darcy asked; and her eyes sparkled, as she answered in the affirmative; adding, "I met with it for the first time on a stormy day at Penzance, whither Miss Hill had taken me, to indulge my longing to view the ocean, and I read the poem with a grateful feeling towards its author."

Here Miss Hill stopped her by holding up a bracelet of pearls and rubies, so tastefully set that Lestelle uttered a cry of admiration.

"How beautiful—how very beautiful! Look, Mr. Lesmere! Did you ever see anything more exquisite?"

But Darcy's praise of the trinket was faintly spoken, and he grew very sober as, with almost childish delight in its beauty, the young actress clasped it around her wrist, and held her dimpled arm in various positions, to display the bracelet to advantage.

"Mr. Lesmere thinks me very frivolous," she said, with a blush, as she detected the change in his demeanor. "But I can't help it—lace and gems have the same charms for me as they exercise over my more fortunate sisters, who can afford to buy real jewelry, whilst I have to content myself with paste and mock gold."

"Those stones are not false ones," Darcy significantly observed.

"I suppose not," Lestelle [illegible]relessly replied, as she dropped the trinket into its velvet-lined case. "This bracelet must be worth a considerable sum. Am I not right? So much the worse for the pocket of the silly youth who purchased it."

"What is to be done with it, Lestelle?" asked Miss Hill, who was restoring the case to its wrappers. "I saw an appeal in the *Telegraph* for funds for that new hospital. Shall we forward it there?"

"By all means. Was it sent here anonymously?"

"No. Here is the name of the purchaser."

Lestelle's lip curled as she looked at the card Miss Hill handed to her. If the gallant young nobleman, who was flattering himself that he should see his elegant gift on the arm of the actress that night, could have beheld the scornful glance with which she perused the complimentary effusion which accompanied it, he would have comprehended that there are women in the world whose smiles are not to be bought at so poor a price as gold.

"You must not omit to write a few lines to this honorable gentleman," she said, as she tossed the card into the waste-paper basket. "Tell him that the secretary of the institution will acknowledge and thank him for his munificent donation."

"Do you often dispose of the offerings made at your shrine in this uncommon fashion?" asked the amused Darcy, whose countenance was beginning to clear.

"Always—except when my votaries propitiate me with flowers. Those I cannot resist;

and though I never wear them, I fill my vases, and delight my eyes with their beauty."

"I have always advocated the return of such presents, as a more dignified proceeding," Miss Hill observed, as she wrote her note. "But I cannot make Lestelle think with me."

"No. I have a malicious pleasure in making these presuming men charitable against their will. How dare they send their gifts to me?"

The resentful flush that had tinted her cheeks deepened, and her head drooped, as she saw the approving glance Darcy bestowed upon her. Her blush recalled him to a recollection of the time he had stayed, and he started up.

"I should be positively ashamed of this lengthy visit, if it were not a proof that in your house the hours fleet by imperceptibly."

"Where did you learn to flatter so delicately?" asked Lestelle, with an arch smile. "Or how much of that compliment belongs to Miss Hill?"

"My speech was intended to convey a simple truth. I had really and truly forgotton the lapse of time. Percy does not return. I fear it will be of no use to expect him now."

"No," said Lestelle, with a slight sigh; "he will not return now; and I have my part to study for to-night. Farewell, Mr. Lesmere."

Her hand lingered a little in his as to his adieus he added, "Till this evening, when I promise myself the pleasure of hearing you in public for the first time."

The young actress grew pale, then red, then pale again, and her fingers trembled in his clasp.

"I wish I had the power to prevent you visiting the theatre on the nights that I am engaged there," she exclaimed, with startling energy.

Darcy looked surprised.

"Why do you say this? Your fame is too thoroughly established for my criticisms, even if they were adverse, which is unlikely, to do you any harm."

"I was not thinking of my fame," she answered, slowly, and with evident constraint; "but wishing that if you ever think of me, it might only be as I am in home life. Since the disdain of girls of my own age has forced upon me the bitter conviction that my calling sets me apart, I have felt more humbled than rejoiced by the plaudits I receive."

Mrs. Lavington's tale had taught Darcy to comprehend the allusion to Lady Ida's contempt which this speech contained, and he found a difficulty in replying.

"I thought the foolish prejudice against her Majesty's servants was quite exploded, and that their talents caused them to be appreciated as they deserve. I have not much patience with the pride that contemns our workers, or casts slurs upon them because they cannot be so careful of the proprieties as those whose position sets them in safe places."

Darcy spoke warmly, for he had liberal tendencies that would have shocked his Conservative uncle, and Lestelle rewarded him with an eloquent look.

"Thank you. It is very pleasant to hear you say this; yet still I'd rather, much rather you only knew Madame Lestelle in her morning wrapper than tricked out as a stage queen. Will you oblige me by promising to give up the intention you expressed?"

"You forget the rich treat of which you deprive me, when you refuse me the gratification of hearing you sing," he reminded her.

"But I—that is we—Miss Hill and I—will sing for you with the greatest pleasure any morning you are disposed to come and listen to us."

Miss Hill hemmed significantly, and directed a look at the actress, which made her redden with vexation, and withdrew her hand from Darcy's.

"I had forgotten. It is not likely that Lord Glenaughton's nephew will care to come here again."

"Try me," he replied, impulsively. "If Miss Hill does but endorse your invitation, I shall find it irresistible."

His conscience stung him, as soon as these words had been said. What would his uncle or Percy think, if they knew how readily he had yielded to Lestelle's fascinations? And Ida, if it ever reached her ears that he had been the actress's willing guest, would she forgive him?

But Miss Hill, instead of seconding Lestelle, was stammering something about Wyett Paulton, which provoked her pupil into retorting angrily.

"Mr. Paulton is the lessee and manager of the theatre at which I am engaged. While I am within its walls, I obey him; but here I am my own mistress, and permit no one to dictate to me. Mr. Lesmere, in Miss Hill's name, as well as my own, I repeat my invitation."

"Dear child, what have you done? You will make him so angry with you," said Lettice Hill, when Darcy had gone.

"Who? Wyett Paulton? So much the better," Lestelle haughtily replied. "The days when I dreaded his displeasure have gone, and our disputes are verging towards a climax. His long-concerted plans must now be carried out promptly, or not at all."

"Whatever he may plan is for your benefit, Lestelle."

"Or for his own?" the girl queried, incredulously.

Miss Hill shook her head, and sighed.

"Always this same readiness to think the worst of one to whom—I do not say it unkindly—you owe every advantage you possess! I wonder at you as I listen, and ask myself if this can be the loving, impulsive child who has seemed so grateful for my teachings?"

Lestelle passed her arms around Miss Hill's neck, as she softly replied, "And do you never ask yourself the reason? From you I have received a kindness that craved no reward beyond my affection; while Mr. Paulton expects, nay, insists upon, a sacrifice which would far outweigh every service he has rendered me."

"You dream, Lestelle, or you misunderstand him!" But Miss Hill's face grew pale as she spoke. "What can he ask from his pupil more than his contract insured him—a fair share of the sum she receives at the theatre?"

Lestelle regarded her stedfastly.

"Cannot you guess? Have you the courage to hear the truth?"

Lettice Hill gulped down a sob, and bravely replied, "Wyett Paulton has been my affianced lover for years. Speak, if you like, but remember that I shall not credit anything which touches his honor."

Her bravery was, however, but assumed. As Lestelle bent forward to speak, a wild cry burst from her pale lips.

"No, no! I cannot bear it! I have loved and trusted him so long! You are cruel—cruel to try to shake my faith in him. Some day, when I am Wyett's happy wife, you will be ashamed of your injustice, and ask his pardon for your doubts."

Lestelle was very much disposed to tell her that her prediction would never be realized; that the crafty manager had but made use of her during the long years she so patiently awaited the fulfilment of his half-implied promises; but poor, trusting Lettice looked so unutterably miserable, that she forbore to add to her distress. Ere long, the too credulous woman must inevitably know that Wyett Paulton sought a wealthier bride; but Lestelle could not be the one from whom she should hear this.

CHAPTER XII.

IN CONFERENCE WITH THE EARL.

Darcy Lesmere faithfully reported to the Earl the conversation he had held with Lestelle respecting his cousin Percy. He expected to hear the incensed father inveigh against the audacity that sought to compel him to supplicate in person for his son's release; but with the exception of a start and suppressed exclamation when he repeated Lestelle's words, "Tell him the daughter of Esther Waverill," &c., he sat with his face shaded by his hand, listening patiently till the recital was ended.

Then he began to question Darcy closely, keenly, concerning Lestelle's surroundings; and now it was that the young man mentioned his recognition of the valet Wyett, and how he had found Miss Hill acting as duenna or companion to the actress.

"You have confirmed me in my suspicions," he said, at last. "This precious trio aim at something more than meshing my foolish boy! You have thrown a light upon much that surprised me, and I shall be able to fight them with their own weapons. I tell you, Darcy," he added, to his astonished nephew, "they think to make their own terms with me, or to cover a honored name with disgrace; but they deceive themselves. They cannot—nay, they shall not—do it!"

"I am in a maze, sir, I really do not comprehend your meaning at all."

"Let me, then, explain do you as concisely, yet as fully as I can, what I conceive to be their plan of action, and the circumstances which have induced them to adopt it."

He cleared his throat, took a turn across the room, and then, drawing his chair a little farther from the lamp, as if its glare distressed his eyes, he began: "You must bear in mind that I speak without dates; but it must be nearly four-and-twenty years since a foolish, impetuous youth, a relative of my own, went into Hampshire on a pedestrian tour. Some one, his brother I think, had been eloquent in his hearing respecting the beautiful scenery surrounding Ealesby, and thither he went, for he had artistic tastes, and unlimited time at his disposal. There was a young girl there, the daughter of the curate, whose rustic prettiness had won for her many admirers, and my too susceptible kinsman was soon included in the list. Of course it would not interest you to hear the tale of their loves; it would be sufficient to say that he thoughtlessly prevailed upon her to leave home with him, a step which he bitterly repented when he found that the connection so hastily formed was likely to blight his prospects, and that the girl was not happy; her thoughts constantly reverting to the home she had left. Eventually they quarrelled and parted, he going back to her own people; but my kinsman's remorse for his share in her troubles was so great, that it brought on a dangerous illness, and when his physicians premised his recovery impossible, it consoled him to hear me promise to do what I could for the unfortunate Esther."

"Then he died? Poor Lestelle's must have been a stormy childhood," Darcy commented.

"I am ashamed to say," the Earl went on, "that being drawn soon afterwards into the vortex of a political life, my pledge to assist Esther Waverill was forgotten; but when your accident detained me in the neighborhood of Ealesby, I made inquiries, by which I learned that she was dead, and only her youngest child survived her. I commissioned Wyett to ascertain whether the girl was in good hands, and if not, to place her at some decent school, where I would charge myself with her maintenance and education; but knowing the rapacious character of the people, I bade him keep my intentions secret. The wily rascal promised obedience, but wrote to me soon after, stating that the girl was well cared for by her mother's relations, and that he had therefore taken no steps in the matter. Satisfied that all was well, I thought no more of Esther or Esther's child, till the summer of the Exhibition, to which, amongst other gapers, came Mrs. Price. You remember her, I dare say, a hard, grasping woman. She took advantage of her visit to press upon me some fancied claim for the wear and tear of her furniture during the time we occupied part of her house; and at the same time I learned from Mrs. Price, that instead of the girl being safely in the care of her mother's relations, she had unaccountably disappeared soon after my own departure, and that her subsequent fate was a mystery. Now do you begin to comprehend Mr. Wyett's tactics? Do you not see that Esther's child and this young actress are the same?"

"Lestelle the dwarfed, untaught, elfish girl, who stole from her bed to listen beneath my window? It seems impossible, and yet it is—it must be so! Ah, sir, Wyett may be a knave, I admit that; but he has effected a miracle! Lestelle is a beautiful, graceful, and intelligent woman!"

"But an actress, and the pupil of a crafty couple!" the Earl retorted. "However, it is not of that young person's present appearance that we are speaking, but of her motives for abetting the annoyance which is being inflicted on me. Wyett, misled by the interest I expressed in her welfare, thinks that in obtaining possession of the girl he has secured a hold upon my purse."

"I cannot follow you here," said Darcy, candidly. "It seems to me more probable that Essie's voice, which even then gave promise of great excellence, appeared to him worth cultivation; and he seized the opportunity for entering upon what must have proved an excellent speculation."

"If that were all!" the Earl began. "But, no! he must have had a motive for concealing her existence. He has evidently palmed some plausible tale on the girl, which has led her to suppose that she has claims upon me. It must have been for the purpose of prying into my secret affairs that the visits of Percy have been so persistently encouraged."

"But, taking it for granted that you are correct in your suppositions, of what nature is the imaginary tie on which they base their schemes? Do they suppose that Lestelle——"

"Is my own daughter by an unwedded mother? Probably they do; but they deceive themselves; it is not so."

"Then, my dear sir, of what consequence are Wyett's schemes, if they revolve upon an error?"

Lord Glenaughton sighed impatiently. "If I were young, strong, and energetic, like you are, Darcy, I dare say I should think with you; but I have always had a morbid dread of hearing my name mixed up with scandalous reports. I do not think that it is in Wyett's power to injure me; but I am equally well aware that he can inflict terrible annoyance upon me and mine. The mere whisper of such a connexion will set all the gossips on the *qui vive*; my family history will be pried into; every youthful folly your father and I committed will be brought to light; at a time, too, when my support is really needed by the Government, and such scurrilous matter will be greedily seized by our opponents. Although I have been a public man for some years, I have not hardened myself against the taunts and jibes my position has drawn upon me."

Darcy mused. "I cannot fancy Lestelle lending herself to anything dishonorable."

The Earl threw up his hands. "Do not speak of her! I shall never cease to regret the good-natured impulse that led me to inquire after her welfare. I wish she would take an American engagement, and rid us of her presence for a few years."

"But as she is not likely to do that, what course do you propose adopting?"

"None. I shall wait for my enemies to show their hand," was the abrupt reply; "and now let us talk of Ida. The hopes Percy has disappointed I centre in my daughter and you. Tell me, then, are you still cherishing the wishes you expressed to me before you travelled?"

Darcy hesitated a minute or so before replying. Although he saw that the Earl was eagerly waiting for him to speak, he was of too candid a disposition to stoop to an evasion.

"To say that I come back to you the enthusiastic boy I was when I left England would be false, but my cousin's beauty and my hopes of winning her have kept me heart-whole. I have yet to learn, however, whether my addresses would prove acceptable to her."

"Go, then, and let her own lips assure you of this. If I am not mistaken, Ida esteems you more highly than either of your rivals. You have my leave to win her, Darcy. It will be the proudest moment of my life when I give her happiness into your keeping."

The young man shook hands with his uncle, and murmured a few confused expressions of gratitude. While absent from England he had often chafed at the length of his probation, and imagined the joy with which he should fly to Ida's side; yet their meeting had been so very cousinly and commonplace, and he had seen so little of her, that he was conscious of a feeling of disappointment. Nor did he lose this as the days went by, although he would have found it difficult to analyze the cause.

The Countess, a frivolous, haughty woman, contrived to make him understand that she thought her daughter ought to make a better match; but Ida always smiled sweetly at his coming; and then drooped her beautiful eyes, and lowered her voice with a modest consciousness of their position, which was tormenting, even while it gratified him and kept her other admirers at bay. The consequence of this was, that long before he had advanced sufficiently in his wooing to meditate asking the momentous question, it was known in all fashionable circles, and announced in the newspapers, that a marriage was on the *tapis* between the Honorable Darcy Lesmere and the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the Earl of Glenaughton.

Darcy would have liked to have been convinced that Ida bestowed upon him something more than a cousinly affection before this publicity was given to his intentions; but, whether from natural reserve, or that the young lady was incapable of the ardent attachment every young man longs to inspire, he was unsuccessful. Ida always seemed pleased at his coming; she kept a certain number of dances for him; she was at home to him in the morning, and she would listen to him when he talked, with her beautiful eyes upraised to his, as if deeply interested; but so she did to the young Marquis of Lechlade, whose only subjects of conversation were his "dawgs" and his horses; or to the Count de Rivoli, who was always *au fait* to the latest fashions and most scandalous *on dits* of the day.

"I am too fastidious—too exacting," Darcy told himself. "Ida was never a demonstrative girl, and she has been taught that to be natural is to be vulgar. Removed from the chilly influence of her mother's example, she will expand into a warmer, brighter life; or if she should not, the calm affection she gives me may ensure us a more lasting felicity than the romantic passion of which I have foolishly dreamed."

He did not see Percy until two or three weeks after their rencontre at Lestelle's, when they met on the steps of the club of which they were both members. The Viscount looked thin and haggard, but he held out his hand with a smile.

"I was in one of my worst humors the other day, and did you injustice. Are they all well at home?"

"Is that a question you, the only and beloved son, should ask? Dear Percy, why do you so obstinately absent yourself?"

Percy's lips quivered, but he evaded these questions.

"So you are going to marry Ida? I am glad of it—very glad."

"For Ida's sake, or mine?" Darcy smilingly queried.

"For hers. It will be pleasant to know that come what may, she will be shielded from trouble and sorrow by your love. God bless you, Darcy! I don't begrudge you any of the goods the gods have given you; though it makes me a little sorrowful sometimes, when I think how differently their favors have been meted out to me!"

He turned away as he spoke, but his cousin slipped an arm through his, and walked with him.

"I wish you would tell me all your difficulties, instead of dealing in enigmas. I should rejoice to help you to surmount them. I have a large sum lying idle at my banker's, to which you are welcome."

Percy's eyes glistened.

"Thanks, but I never run into debt now; and even you, though you are the best fellow in the world, cannot minister to a mind diseased. When did you last see Lestelle? Did you know that she sings at the Duchess of Castleford's concert to-night? Are you going?"

"I believe so. Lady Glenaughton has tickets;" and then Darcy began to take himself to task for the throb of pleasure that stirred his heart at the thought of seeing the young actress. But was he sure of this? Would Ida grace with her presence an entertainment of which the hated Lestelle would be one of the principal attractions? And if she refused, how could he go?

While he was mentally debating this, Percy left him, with a hurried apology, to join an acquaintance, and instead of returning to the club, he walked to Lord Glenaughton's to try and learn whether Lestelle's engagement at the Duchess's would make any alteration in his aunt and cousin's arrangements.

Ida was standing in front of her mother's easy chair when he entered the morning room, with her graceful figure drawn to its fullest height, and her head thrown back. She was speaking too warmly and decidedly to notice his approach.

"It's a cowardly proposal, mamma. Why, every one would be saying that we stayed away on purpose to avoid her. We must go, and you may safely leave this presuming creature to me. It will not be the first time I shall have made her tremble before me."

The angry flush on her cheek subsided as she caught sight of Darcy, and she gave him her hand with her usual graciousness.

"I called to know whether you intend going to the Duchess's to-night. Rumor says that there will be a dreadful squeeze," he added, devotedly hoping that Lady Glenaughton would take the alarm, and plead her delicate health as an excuse for avoiding the crush. But Ida, with one of her most winning smiles, and a little rising of the eyebrows, as if the doubt thrown upon her intentions surprised her, hastened to reply.

"Of course we shall go. The dear Duchess is so dreadfully exclusive, that every one has been eager to secure a card. I wouldn't miss this concert for worlds!"

Then the meeting was inevitable; and Darcy dressed that evening with Ida's emphatically spoken words ringing in his ears, and some troublesome doubts lurking in his mind as to the anticipated rencontre.

(To be continued.)

For the Favorite.

TALES OF MY BOARDERS.

BY A. I. S.,

OF HUNTINGDON, Q.

IV.

One day Mrs. Darvell received a letter—a letter with a deep mourning border, and containing the sad news of the death of her sister-in-law. The letter was written by her brother's only child, a girl of about seventeen, so Mrs. Darvell said, adding that she could not say for certain, as she had not heard from her sister-in-law since the death of her brother some ten years before.

Her niece wrote for the purpose of informing them of her mother's death, and of her own forlorn and destitute condition, begging of her aunt to find her some means of earning her livelihood.

"It's of no use, she can never be well enough educated to teach," said Mrs. Darvell, "and as for anything else, I will not hear of it. I never liked poor Susan; but George's child shall not go to service whilst I have a copper."

She took counsel with her husband, and the result was that they engaged a room for her, and wrote requesting her to come to them immediately, promising her all the affection and care they would have bestowed on a child of their own, had Providence so blessed them.

They were a most kind-hearted couple. A little rough and vulgar, perhaps; but charitable in the extreme. I could not but admire their goodness and kindness of heart in this particular instance. They had never seen their niece. They knew nothing whatever of her manners, character or looks. There had been no communication between them and her mother since her father's death, and none whatever between the girl and themselves, and nevertheless they were to adopt her as their child, and disposed to make her life happy and pleasant as far as lay in their power.

I had always liked Mrs. Darvell, and both she and her husband had been good friends of ours since they had taken up their residence with us. And although it necessitated a little closer stowing in our own family, I did not begrudge the inconvenience, as it gave them the satisfaction of receiving their niece without having to change their quarters with which they declared themselves well pleased.

You must not imagine that fear of losing two good inmates had anything to do with it, though I would have been indeed sorry to part with them; it did not, for I always had more applications for board than I could receive.

The answer to their letter came in the shape of Miss Saunders herself. That was the niece's name; Lucy Saunders. She was a pretty pink and white countrified looking girl. Rather *embonpoint*, but a nice, sonsy, good-natured creature with, as we afterwards discovered, a slight dash of wilfulness that gave her certain piquancy.

She was rather depressed at first. Grief for her mother's loss, combined to the strangeness of everything around her, had that effect. It was not to be wondered at, that she should be very melancholy and lonely at first. Fresh from the country and from those who had known her since her infancy, she was suddenly cast, fatherless and motherless, among strangers, in a busy city she had never before seen.

Mrs. Darvell was excessively kind and good to her. Taking her about driving and shopping, and buying her more pretty things than the poor child had ever seen before. She had received a very good English education, and Mrs. Darvell spared no expense in procuring books for her further instruction, as well as for her amusement. She even engaged a music master to give her lessons at the house, although she herself had never received a like advantage. Lucy was a grateful girl, and she tried hard to prove her gratitude by her progress in music, and by shaking off her very natural depression. She became a great favorite with the children, who could not see her often enough, and teased and romped, and played with her to their hearts' content.

Her aunt and uncle became greatly attached to her, and their first thought was always Lucy.

Very pleasant was this introduction of young buoyant girl life into our house, and so the "young puppies," as Mrs. Darvell still called our young gentlemen, seemed to think. We had but five of them at that time, and from the very first they seemed disposed to lay their five hearts at Miss Lucy's feet. But Mrs. Darvell suspected as much, and she watched both them and Lucy with the eyes of a lynx.

"I do love auntie very, very much," said Lucy to me one day, "and I am sure that I ought to. She is so good and kind, but I do wish she would not watch me so when we are at table. If any of the gentlemen so much as offers me anything, she glares at me as though she expected that I would do something outrageous. If any one passes something to me, she bends over and examines it, as if there might be either a billet-doux, or an infernal machine in it. I asked her the other day what she suspected and she answered: "You can never tell, child, they are so impudent."

"Do you think them impudent, Lucy," I asked. "No, indeed." She answered heartily. I think them all very nice, and I wish auntie would let us go down to the parlor a little oftener. Uncle could take care of me, if she does not care to come."

"I'll speak to her about it," I said, and indeed I thought it a great shame to keep the poor child continually cooped up with us, dutifully trying to become interested in her book or sewing, her only enlivenment being when I allowed one of the children to come down from the nursery, or when Mrs. Darvell permitted her to go up, which latter case occurred but rarely, as Mrs. Darvell was a strict disciplanarian, and believed that children could not be guided with too strict a rein. The first favorable opportunity that presented itself, I mentioned the subject to Mrs. Darvell, without, however, saying anything of my promise to Lucy. I had no scruples in speaking on the subject to Mrs. Darvell, although it could not be said to enter into my province, but she and I had become sufficiently intimate and friendly to make the step excusable. I represented to her that Lucy must marry some day, and there was less chance of her making a suitable match were she to be too strictly guarded from the approach of all admirers than there would be, were their admiration to become a matter of course, one to which she was accustomed. "And then," said I, appealing to the old lady's feelings, "she is so young, it is a pity to make an old woman of her. The life we lead may be very suitable for you and me, Mrs. Darvell; but I am sure we would not have liked it, when we were Lucy's age. Now do you think so?"

Mrs. Darvell laughed, softly to herself. "No," said she, "I don't think I should have liked it, Mrs. Lang, my dear. I was a rare wild one, I can tell you. As full of life as ever a girl was," and she added in a whisper, laughing slyly, the while, "twice as fond of young men's society as ever Lucy can be. We lived on a farm, and there was never a shucking, husking nor party of any kind but I was present, and I had lots of admirers too, I can tell you," said she bridling her head proudly, "old and ugly as I am now."

"Then, Mrs. Darvell, you ought to feel more for poor Lucy. I am sure that she does not care more for young men or their admiration than other girls of her age; but it is no more than natural that she should like young people's society."

"No more it is," said her aunt, "but I can't go down stairs with those nasty fellows—young men are'nt what they were in my day. And my friends are all married people."

However, the end of it was that she consented to take Lucy out more than she had done so far. And that very evening they went to a concert. Lucy at first had objected on account of her mourning, but her aunt had scouted the idea. "Hoot tut!" cried she, "you'll see as many there in black as there are out of it. Your poor mother won't be less happy in heaven for knowing that you are enjoying yourself." This argument and her own desires prevailed, and she gladly consented to accompany her aunt and uncle.

I was still in my sitting-room when they returned; but though Lucy came in for a moment, Mrs. Darvell went straight to her own bed-room. I asked Lucy how she had enjoyed herself?

"Oh! so much!" said she, "but auntie is in a dreadful humor. She was all right and enjoyed herself immensely, but on our way out of the Hall, Mr. Black joined us, and uncle gave me to his care. Of course he walked home with me. It would have been very queer, I think, had he not. Living in the same house and coming out of the concert-room together. But auntie, would not see it, and insists that he is the worst of the 'puppies,' the most impudent of them all."

This had not been the first occasion on which Mr. Black had happened to either come in or go out at the same time as Miss Saunders, quite accidentally, of course, as they both took care to explain to me. However, it was no affair of mine. Mrs. Darvell I thought kept quite a strict enough watch on her niece without my interfering to awaken her further suspicions. Besides, as far as I knew, Mr. Black was a very worthy young man; not wealthy, certainly, but very respectable and industrious. Indeed I had often overheard his companions chaffing him about his "proper ways"—for virtues were as rare among the young men of twelve years ago, as they are now—and I thought Mrs. Darvell might consider her niece very fortunate in winning the love of such a good person—if she had won it—as Mr. Black.

For several days after this, Mrs. Darvell's temper was anything but angelic, and poor Lucy did not have what the Yankees call "a good time." She had a very wretched time. Her aunt would not allow her to stir out of the house without she accompanied her, nor to go down the parlor one instant before dinner was served. As for breakfast, she made her wait until the rest of the boarders had left the table.

"One thing about it," said Lucy to me in confidence, "I shall get thin. The breakfast is always cold and I can't eat. Whilst for dinner, I am so hectored beforehand, and so watched whilst at the table that I don't half satisfy my hunger. Just see how big my dress is for me."

She really was not looking well, but whether that was owing to want of food or from being worried I could not judge. Mrs. Darvell soon noticed the change, and asked me what could be the reason. I told her what Lucy had said about her meals. The old woman was horrified at what she called her barbarity.

"The poor young thing!" she said. "Goodness knows I do not want to deprive her of food. A growing girl like her. How I do wish that Black fellow would mind his business and leave Lucy alone. She is a good obedient child if they would only leave her alone."

"Why, what have they been up to," I asked, thinking that perhaps Lucy had not been quite open with me, as indeed there was no reason she should be.

"Nothing and yet enough," said Mrs. Darvell, "more than enough. They are all, especially that Black creature, always pestering her with attentions, meeting her in the passages and in the streets. Walking home with her, even when Darvell and I are with her! Impudent creature!

"And Lucy herself?" I asked.

"Lucy herself is very well. She behaves very properly. It is not her fault I must say."

For a while after this conversation I, too, kept a watch on Miss Lucy, without appearing to do so. And I noticed that she had changed her hours for practising her music. Instead of, as formerly, devoting to it the hours between breakfast and luncheon, she now chose those preceding dinner, and I remarked also that Mr. Black was always in early. Evidently Miss Saunders was not quite blameless, if blame there were on either side.

For my part having satisfied my curiosity so far, I took no further notice of what might be going on. One afternoon Lucy was sitting with me, sewing and talking gaily, when suddenly the door was thrown open and Mrs. Darvell made her appearance literally shaking with the rage she tried to control. She held a book in her hand and coming up to Lucy, who sat staring at her, growing whiter and whiter, she poked it almost into her face.

"So, Miss Lucy Saunders," she cried, "so you borrow books from young gentlemen, do you? And without your aunt's permission being given or asked! The old aunt is not a fit judge, perhaps, of how a young lady like you should behave."

"Oh! aunt!" was all poor Lucy could say.

Mrs. Darvell raved. She accused her niece of ingratitude, of indelicacy, of want of proper pride and then ended by bursting into tears protesting that she had not deserved such conduct, indeed she had not.

I arose hurriedly, but as I was leaving the room, I saw Lucy with her arms round her aunt's neck and I knew that everything would turn out right.

When I returned to the room an hour later, I found them both still there. There were traces of tears on the faces of both; but Mrs. Darvell did not even yet seem quite appeased. She still sat very erect holding the objectionable book, a rather the objectionable young man's book, for I believe the book itself was merely a copy of the poems of some author unknown to fame.

"We owe you an apology, Mrs. Lang," said she as I came in, "for taking possession of your room, and for driving you from it by such a scene."

I said that no apology was necessary, and that I trusted that both Mrs. Darvell and Lucy would occupy it whenever they felt so inclined. I was always pleased to see them there, as they well, &c., and more of the same kind of things. Of course I was not annoyed, we were all good friends. I had been a little astonished and rather alarmed at first, for poor Lucy, but not in the least annoyed. "This young lady," continued Mrs. Darvell, pointing to Lucy, "this young lady has not been quite so frank and open as we had supposed, Mrs. Lang." Poor Lucy blushed to rosy red.

"I am sure she has done nothing wrong," said I, pitying her embarrassment. "Young ladies cannot be expected to tell all their little affairs and their thoughts any more than their elders. I think you have expected a little too much from Lucy, Mrs. Darvell. That she would willingly hide anything of importance from you I will not believe."

"No indeed, Mrs. Lang," broke in Lucy. "I was going to tell her everything to-night. As for the book, I only got it this morning."

"You have not heard me out, Mrs. Lang," said Mrs. Darvell, stiffly. "Miss Saunders has engaged herself. She is going to marry Mr. Gregory Black, so she has kindly informed me. I am grateful for her confidence, coming as it has, at the last moment; but I shall still consider it my duty, both as regards our relationship and the position I have assumed as her adopted mother, to tell Mr. Darvell, and to try by every means in my power to prevent the marriage."

Lucy was crying again.

"Mrs. Darvell," I began; but Lucy broke in, sobbing as she spoke. "It's of no use, Mrs. Lang, she won't listen to a word. She says that Mr. Black is a beggar, and so I am sure am I, and I do not see why two beggars should not marry. He is as good as he can be. Nobody can say anything against his character. And as for not speaking to uncle or aunt, why he only spoke to me last evening, and intends to tell them both to-night. Of course I would not marry without their consent. We do not even think of marrying at all for a long while."

I never liked her better than I did then, as she stood there sobbing, yet proudly defending her absent lover. I even think Mrs. Darvell was moved, for she made no answer but "we shall see, we shall see," as she walked to the door. Lucy remained a few moments to tell me how much she thanked me for standing her friend, and how grateful she was to her aunt and uncle for all their kindness. How sorry she was to annoy and grieve her aunt; "But I can't give him up on that account, can I Mrs. Lang?" said she.

I did not presume to advise her on this point, but told her to wait until Mr. Black had spoken to her uncle.

The interview between Mr. and Mrs. Darvell, their niece and Mr. Black took place in my sitting-room. Mrs. Darvell wished me to be of the party in council, but I declined. I expected the meeting would be a stormy one, and I did not wish either to see Mrs. Darvell make herself absurd, or hear the "puppy" abused.

Lucy told me the result. Mr. Darvell would not be influenced either way. He would make enquiries about Mr. Black, and if the reports were good he would give him his wife's niece, and see that they were not in want until Mr. Black's salary should be such as would enable them to live without such help from him. Mrs. Darvell after the first few words said nothing one way or the other.

Well, Mr. Darvell made the threatened enquiries, and heard nothing but what was to Mr. Black's credit. He was industrious, respectable, temperate, and of good morals.

Mr. Darvell was enchanted, and agreed readily to their marriage, as soon as Lucy's first year of mourning should have expired. Mrs. Darvell offered no further objection, and even wiped his name from the list of "puppies."

They all remained with us until the wedding, when Mr. and Mrs. Darvell took up their residence with the newly-married pair. Mr. Black worked hard and rose rapidly in his employer's good graces. He is now a wealthy man and one of our foremost politicians. Mr. and Mrs. Darvell are both dead. Lucy inherited their money. She is almost as broad as she is long, but nice looking still, and there is not a happier woman living than she is, surrounded by her numerous olive banches and under the protecting care of her "impudent young puppy."

PLOTTING MAMMAS.

It may be taken for granted that it is the desire of most loving mammas to see their daughters married. But, at the same time, it is indisputable that many anxious mothers would rather their daughters remained single for a number of years than contract an unsatisfactory matrimonial alliance. Thus, the fond parent is placed in rather a difficult position, and has a double task to perform. On the one hand, she has to look out for eligible young men, and, on the other, to guard her unsuspecting children against penniless adventurers. In her eyes, a poverty-stricken youth is, necessarily, the enemy of all maidens whose fathers live at the rate of some thousands per annum. She may have married a man who, when he commenced life could, with little difficulty, have put all the money he possessed in his pocket; but that is no reason why her darling child should do anything so silly. Love in a cottage may be all very well in its way; and, perhaps, at one time she considered it the height of human bliss. But age brings experience and knowledge, and what, in the hey-day of youth, appears pure gold, is, in middle-age, discovered to be tawdry tinsel. Besides, though her husband has turned out trumps, it by no means follows that if she confided her daughter to a man occupying a similar position to that in which her partner commenced life, he will ever rise above it. So she prefers, like the prudent soul that she is, to be upon the safe side. Thus, she fixes her attention upon men who have already made a name and position, and prepares her traps for both him and her daughter to fall into. One great difficulty invariably besets her path. Really eligible *partis* are frequently pretty well up in years, and most girls have an objection to wedding men who are much older than themselves. To remove this objection is not always an easy matter, for, sometimes, even the most obedient daughters have wills of their own. Thus, though they will not go to the extent of marrying in defiance of their parents' opposition, neither will they encourage the advances of men of whom their hearts do not approve.

Various are the conditions under which the diplomatic powers of the clever, plotting mamma are called into play. She knows very well that it is unwise to drive her child—the merest folly to attempt to coerce her. Though ineligible candidates must be laughed out of court, there should be no apparent desire to strongly advocate the cause of a man of whom she approves. Hints may be dropped, but they must be very judicious, as to his wealth, his moral worth, and his ability. His appearance must be carelessly, but favorably, commented upon. There must, in fact, be no indications on the part of mamma that she is at all interested in his affairs, save to the extent in which she is interested in those of any other friend or casual acquaintance. The daughter must be led to imagine that she is at perfect liberty either to encourage or discourage his advances. It is a mistake to suppose that, save in very exceptional instances, fathers or mothers command their daughters to accept a certain man as their husband. At the worst a little pressure is exerted. More is done by innuendo than straightforward speech. But every opportunity is afforded a desirable being of prosecuting his suit. Whenever he puts in an appearance, mamma manages that her child shall be in the way.

Whenever an ineligible does so, she is very careful that she keeps a sharp eye upon him, and allows little, if any, opportunity for confidential intercourse. How different is her conduct towards the man after her own heart. When he appears she is only too anxious to leave the young people to their own devices. But, though she most considerately frees them from any constraint which her presence might impose, she keeps a watchful eye upon what is going on. When they least imagine that they are under observation, her gaze is upon them. Through her good offices, many meetings are arranged. At bazaar, at flower-show, and at concert, does she afford her victims opportunities for quiet *tête-à-tête*. The happy swain has to thank her for being enabled to meet his inamorata. 'Tis she who invites him into private box, 'tis she who remarks that she hopes to have the pleasure of seeing him at the flower-show and bazaar. And, in what a considerate, self-sacrificing manner does she behave at such places! Her daughter may, literally, forsake her, and yet, on returning, is received with the most seraphic smiles. Indeed, when a maiden is acting just in the manner she is wanted to, no one could be pleasanter than the plotting mamma. Not only does she remove all difficulties, but she induces paterfamilias to open his purse-strings, loads her daughter with presents, indulges her every whim and fancy, and overpowers her with endearing caresses. How innocent she is, too, of what is going on under her very nose. How kind to refrain from asking awkward questions! Yes, it would be impossible for any woman to be pleasanter than the match-making mamma when her schemes are prospering. But the case assumes a very different aspect when things are going against her. Then her poor daughter is snubbed as many times in a day as there are minutes in an hour. The dreadful sin of disobedience to parents is severely reprobated. Vivid pictures are painted of the miserable fate which awaits those who marry beneath them. Impenetrable barriers are set up between her and the being upon whom she is supposed to have set her heart. If favors are not altogether withheld, they are bestowed grudgingly. She is unfavorably contrasted with other girls, who have studied their parents' wish, and married men in whose power it is to lift them a step higher in the social scale. He who is supposed to be the cause of her disaffection is very coldly received, and, when practicable, altogether ignored. At any rate, he is never asked into private box, nor prompted to attend bazaar or flower-show, and when he does put in an appearance at such affairs, is allowed no opportunity for quiet confabulation with her who has attracted him thither.

No doubt the plotting mammas are actuated solely by a desire to secure their daughters' happiness. It is no fault of theirs that they imagine they are best doing so by wedding them to men whose sole recommendation is their wealth and position. Like many other people, they place much reliance upon the theory that it is quite sufficient for a woman not to hate the man she is going to wed, inasmuch as love will come after marriage. But, upon this point, the plotting mamma is mistaken. It is just as probable that what is indifference before marriage, afterwards develops into positive dislike as that it grows into actual love. The coldness, not to say aversion, with which many husbands and wives regard each other is solely owing to the fact that they have been hurried into unwise marriages. Wealth in a mansion is just as unsatisfactory as love in a cottage. The plotting mamma falls into error in planning marriages before she has fairly studied the temperament of all the parties upon whose behalf she intends interesting herself. She is invariably led away by mere externals. Of character she is but a poor judge. The consequence is that bitter disappointment is the result of her labor.—*Liberal Review.*

FROM AN INDIAN VERANDAH.

Flop! we start to see a large lizard on the mat, and minus an inch or two of his tail, which has broken off in the creature's tumble from the rafters overhead. The severed tail wriggles about as if endued with distinct life, while the late proprietor of the phenomenon sneaks away somewhat sluggishly, and as if partly stunned by his tumble. There are several more of his kind hunting flies and insects in general about the pillars and posts, noticeably among them a handsome little fellow, having a lithe body like a snake, a forked tongue, and two streaks of yellow down the sides of his olive-green coat. The natives say that this lizard is poisonous, so much so that its bite is death within the hour; but, in point of fact, it is innocuous, having neither poison nor fangs wherewith to inflict an injury. Not so an uglier customer introduced to us now by the gardener, who carries him dangling across a long stick. This is a young cobra the maly has just killed in a large bed of petunias, and is recognised as one of a family that has for some time past taken up its abode in the stonework of the garden well. The paterfamilias has been several times seen on his travels between our garden and another a few hundred yards distant, and is described as a large serpent nine or ten feet long. A late gardiner, whom we dismissed in consequence of his feast and fast days numbering one-third of all contained in the year, might have killed this reptile many times, but would not avail himself of his opportunities, from superstitious motives, it being a part of his religious belief that the serpent family in the well were in some way related to him, but in what degree of cousinship he could not precisely explain. But he used to describe his meetings with the cobra as exceedingly auspicious events. According to his account, the snake knew his biped cousin right well, and would acknowledge the profound salaams with which he was greeted with a graceful motion of neck and head. The cobra would not move out of the path for the man, however, and as in a meeting of this description some one must go to the wall, the cobra's cousin was that person. A large buffalo next claims our attention by forcing his way into the garden, where he begins to browse on our choice shrubs and flowers. The tailor sees him, and springing with unusual activity to his feet, runs at the animal with his best speed. So do all the other servants about the house, while we enjoy at our ease a buffalo hunt, in which the animal canters ponderously about the compound, pursued by butler, cook, tailor, groom, and even lady's-maid. Why all this zeal in our service? Because, when the buffalo is caught and tied up, our zealous domestics will not let him go again until the brute's owner pays them four annas, or sixpence; and pay it he will, for he knows that, should we prosecute him in the police court for trespass and damage, we should get a much larger sum out of him,—five, or perhaps ten rupees! What becomes of the four annas the servants best know. It is probably divided among the lot, and considered a handsome douceur for their pains in keeping "master's" garden free from all bovine intruders. Excited spectators of the hunt have been our monkeys, Jacko and Judy, who have watched all its details with breathless eagerness, jumping up and down on their box, and grunting their approval or disapproval with each actor's performances. Their characters are distinct. Judy is a sweet-tempered little thing, and a favorite with every one; but Jacko is a ferocious brute, without a friend in the world except his wife, whom, by the way, he most cruelly ill-treats. He is a truculent rogue, and if a native —even he who feeds him—should venture within the reach of his chain, Jacko makes him pay dearly for his temerity by seizing any available portion of his person, and taking a bite out of it. Dogs, too, he abhors, and when attacked by one Master Jacko takes his chain in one hand, and with the other climbs his post until beyond the reach of danger, when, erecting all his fur and causing himself to appear twice his natural size, he jabbers defiance at the enemy, making hideous grimaces at him also. Should the dog's attention be distracted for a moment, Jacko is down the pole like greased lightning, and up again with alike speed, but not be fore he hasex tracted a handful of hair from some tender part of the dog, who, on his part, looks absurdly angry and foolish under the treachery to which he is thus subjected. In vain poor July tries to soften her lord's vile temper by fleaing his coat with the greatest assiduity. Even in such blissful moments as these, some villanous thought will cross Jacko's mind, when, with furious and guttural grunts, he will rush open-mouthed upon the partner of his joys and sorrows; an assault that will provoke piteous squeaks from the lady thus chastised, and a thrashing for Master Jacko from his master. About this time we note that the wall of the compound is ornamented by two large white vultures, or scavenger birds, facetiously called the "Indian turkey." The pair are kissing with apparently great affection—a practice to which they are much given. But what loathsome caresses must be theirs! It is as if nature had indulged in a sly jest at the bird's expense by instilling a love of osculation in its foul ugly person. Tradition has it that upon a certain occasion two young officers newly arrived in India, and on their way to join their regiment, "up country," mistook these birds for some species of edible fowls, and having shot a number, dined upon them with a tolerable appetite; but then a "griff" will eat anything! Their repentence and disgust may be more readily imagined than described when they came to learn the habits and name of the "game" they had fed upon so unwisely.—*Chamber's Journal.*

HINDOO JUGGLERS.

Some Hindoo jugglers now came aft, and requested permission from the captain to exhibit some of their really wonderful feats. Having obtained it, they sat down, four in number, and commenced by causing a black boy on board to sit down on the deck. One of their number then taking a piece of chalk drew a white line right down his forehead, all the time reciting a chant, in which the other three joined in, the burden of it being chick-war-ar-ar-chick-chick, &c., repeated very quickly; he then, without removing his hand, drew a purple, then a blue, then a red, and, lastly, a black line, and finally showed us the original piece of white chalk in his hand, reduced in size certainly, but uncontaminated by the numerous colors that adorned the boy's face. They next did the ball trick. Four little balls are produced, and three bell-shaped cups of metal, the size of a small coffee-cup. These three cups they deposit on the deck, mouth downwards, and then lift them all up, showing there is nothing underneath. Tapping the tops of the cups with his wand, the performer tosses the four balls about from hand to hand, then suddenly exposes his palms; lo, the balls are gone! He again lifts the cups. Two are empty, one has all four balls underneath. Replacing the cups, the four balls still remaining under the same cup, he twists his wand about, touches their tops, lifts them, and two of them have one ball each under them, and the remaining one has two. It is impossible to detect the secret of this trick, which is varied in innumerable ways. The jugglers then did the sword-trick. A sword, about two feet long in the blade, was thrust down the open throat of one of them, and must have reached to his navel. He stood for some minutes with the blade down his stomach, and the thick hilt sticking out of his mouth; he then slowly withdrew it, and, having wiped the blade, performed several sleight-of-hand tricks with the weapon. The same man then took an iron rod bent like an S, with one end fashioned into the likeness of a snake's head. Opening his mouth, he put this up one of his nostrils, so that we saw the iron head at the back of his throat; it was twisted about several times before it was withdrawn. The fire-eater then started up. He put a piece of light-colored stone between his teeth, and took several strong inspirations, whereupon smoke and flames presently darted from his mouth and nostrils. This also lasted upwards of a minute, after which he took a piece of wadding and set it afire from the flame coming out of his mouth. After this, one of their number procured a bit of thread, and allowed us to cut it up into small pieces. He then swallowed it in a minute and drew it out again as perfect as before. The same man drew out after the thread an immense long worm about six feet in length. Another of their number amused us with playing with six balls, spinning at the same time a top, and balancing it perfectly with its apex revolving round the extremity of a long rod resting on his forehead. The heavy weight trick was next performed. It is hardly fair to call this a trick, since the dull thud an iron ball of 20 lbs. makes on the back of the performer is not to be mistaken, as he catches it alternately on the muscles of his arm and on the small of his back. The two tricks of the day were yet to come. Neither of them, I think, has been satisfactorily explained The first performed was the snake-trick. The man shows you an empty basket, and then the dried skins of two cobra capellas stuck together, and lets you examine closely both them and the basket. Placing the skins in the basket he plays plaintively for about five minutes on a sort of flute called the Charmer. The lid is then lifted, and the two skins are seen filled out, the heads darting hither and thither, and the bodies still writhing in each other's embrace. The circle round the basket is immediately enlarged. The snake-charmer squeezes some of the poison out of the mouth of one on to his arm, and shows it to us. The flute is again played, and the snakes, obedient to its voice, returned into the basket. When the lid is once more taken off nothing is seen but the two dried skins. The snakes could not, however well educated, have disappeared without our seeing them, and none of us can explain it without attributing supernatural powers to the Hindoos. —*Dark Blue.*

LET US HELP ONE ANOTHER.

This little sentence should be written on every heart and stamped on every memory. It should be the golden rule practised not only in every household, but throughout the world. By helping one another we not only remove thorns from the pathway and anxiety from the mind, but we feel a sense of pleasure in our own hearts, knowing we are doing a duty to a fellow-creature. A helping hand or an encouraging word is no loss to us, yet it is a benefit to others. Who has not felt the power of this little sentence? Who has not needed the encouragement and aid of a kind friend? How soothing, when perplexed with some task that is mysterious and burdensome, to feel a gentle hand on the shoulder and to hear a kind voice whispering, "Do not be discouraged; I see your trouble; let me help you." What strength is inspired! what hope created! what sweet gratitude is felt! and the great difficulty is dissolved as dew beneath the sunshine. Yes, let us help one another by endeavoring to strengthen and encourage the weak and lift the burden of care from the weary and oppressed, that life may glide smoothly on and the fount of bitterness yield sweet waters; and He whose willing hand is ever ready to aid us will reward our humble endeavors, and every good deed will be as "bread cast upon the waters, to return after many days," if not to us, to those we love.

SOAP BUBBLES.

There are philosophical results to be obtained from the successful blowing of soap bubbles, and we therefore cheerfully recommend the following directions for their manufacture to the attention of our younger readers. Take three-quarters of a pint of water that has been boiled and become cold, and put into it an ounce of Castile soap, cut up fine. Put this into a pint bottle, and set it in a saucepan on the fire; there let it remain an hour or so, now and then giving it a good shaking till the soap is dissolved. Let the fluid stand quiet for the impurities and coloring matter of the soap to settle; then pour off the fluid and add to it four ounces of glycerine and your soap-bubble solution is ready. In an ordinary way you may blow the bubbles easily with a tobacco pipe, but if you wish to obtain a scientific perfection, a glass pipe can be employed with better success. By adding a larger quantity of glycerine, you may make these bubbles so strong that you can play battledore with them.

HOW WE "CATCH COLD."

"How not to catch cold" in England in winter would be a lesson for which we should all be profoundly grateful could any of our doctors be clever enough to teach it to us. It is useless to hope that we shall ever obtain a specific preservative from that quarter. Our only chance is to notice carefully how we ourselves personally most frequently incur what the profession magniloquently describes as "the premonitory symptoms of catarrh," and then do our best to avoid them in future. Obviously different people catch cold in different ways. The popular delusion that it is always by a chill that the affection begins, is contradicted by the experience of scores of persons who do not catch "cold" by exposure to a frigid temperature, but who begin to feel its miserable antecedents while spending an hour in an over-heated room. The worst colds are thus caught. People who sit in hot rooms, and by great fires, little think what danger they are incurring. Oysters and champagne for one, water-gruel and camphor for another, every mode of treatment seems equally orthodox, down to poor Mrs. Nickleby's prescription of the hot bran and water foot-bath which she applied at Christmas for the cold she had caught at Michaelmas, and which she gratefully remembered having nearly cured her before Easter! We have observed of late years a strong tendency among people suffering from old-fashioned colds to try to find some other and finer names for those distressing, but wholly prosaic and uninteresting affections; and blessed is the physician who supplies them with such a word! They are not a little consoled for their affection by being able to tell their friends that Dr. Bumbleby thinks there "is danger of diphtheria," or "there was nearly a congestion of the lungs yesterday," or "my medical man says it is pleuro-pneumonia," or "the mucous membrane of the throat is greatly irritated." Nobody, in fact, that we know, whose maladies are of sufficient consequence to the universe to be given a name at all, has submitted for some time past to have a mere "cold." They would as soon think of confessing they had the distemper. Bronchitis is the very mildest term by which their suffering can be decently expressed; and, of course, the remedies for the evil must be equally serious and sonorous. No quiet stay at home, no hot posset, no tamarind tea, no barley-water and hot foot-bath for our generation! We must swallow half the poisons in the Pharmacopœia, allopathic or homœopathic,—we must go about our business—and perhaps the end of all is, not that the cold leaves us, but that we leave the cold, and bequeath another to our unhappy relations who are doomed to stand bare-headed for half an hour in the bitter wintry air while we are being consigned to the tomb.

TRIBUTE TO THE BEAUTIFUL.

There is no sphere in life so humble, no labor so continuous or wearying, no occupation so purely industrial, that men and women in it will not gladly add to its toil for the gratification of paying some tribute to beauty in its performance. The very implements of labor are adorned, and from the rude painting of the beam of a plow to the fancy brass mountings of a locomotive engine, everywhere some place is found for human nature to add something for the sake of taste, where the general design seemed wholly devoted to the most rigid idea of use. Beauty will not consent to be thrust into the narrow corner of men's leisure hours, where Spencer's philosophy would put her, but insist that everywhere along our most wearisome path we should placel little shrines where we may cast some votive offerings in passing. The sailor delights in the carved and gilt figure-head of his ship, or glances with pleasure at a gilded ball placed above the main truck where the very height from which it gleams down upon him like a star, awakens thoughts that mount upward in his own soul. He loves to see the bright colored pennants flying, and to dress his vessel with them, as he would see his sweetheart bedecked with ribbons. The most practical matter-of-fact merchant gladly adds large sums to the cost of his warehouse or shop for the sake of fine architecture and sculptured ornament, and whether he does it to gratify his own taste, or to attract that of his customers, it is equally a proof of the persistence with which beauty-worship intrudes itself into and insists upon elevating and ennobling that which seems most foreign to it. The fact, that, amongst uncivilized or uncultured men, taste often takes on grotesque or bizarre forms, as in the savage's tatooing of his body, does not prove that beauty is to be despised, nor that the tendency even in the savage is not an elevating one. Rude and elementary as it may be in form, it is, nevertheless, the germ out of which all culture in art must grow. The pleasure in mere contrast of bright colors, and the perception of the grace of curved lines, will in time, and with the general expansion of the mind, become an appreciation and love of true art as certainly as the canoe will grow into the steamship, and barbarous superstitions into lofty systems of philosophy.

The Chevalier Nigra, Italian Minister, recently delivered to the President of the Republic a copy of an album of works by Leonardo da Vinci, preserved in the Ambrosian Library in Milan. This work is a present from the National Artistic Exhibition.

THE FAVORITE

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEB. 1, 1873.

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"ARTISTIC FILTH."

One of the most prominent artists engaged on one of the vilest illustrated papers published in New York has given the above title to his own work, and it is an apt one. There are numbers of illustrated papers published in the States, the contents of which are nothing but filth, and one of their most dangerous characteristics is the fact that they are artistically got up and present an attractive appearance calculated to please the eye. These publications have been introduced very freely into Canada, and have, undoubtedly seriously injured the morals of the rising generation; it is, therefore, with great pleasure that we notice the action of MR. E. J. RUSSELL, agent for the Lower Provinces for the FAVORITE and *Canadian Illustrated Newe*, who has induced the Collector of Customs at St. John, N. B., to seize a large number of *Police Gazettes*, *Days Doings*, and other kindred publications, on the ground that they were indecent and immoral. We hope that the action of the Collector at St. John, will be followed by a similar action by other Collectors and that the dissemination of artistic filth throughout Canada may be effectually stopped. A few spasmodic efforts will be of comparatively little avail, but we hope to see the action of Mr. Russell followed up by a persistent effort on the part of our agents and the Collectors of Customs to drive indecent literature out of Canada. There cannot happen to any country a worse curse than to be flooded with indecent and immoral books and papers, and there is little doubt that the moral laxity of Paris and New York is to a great extent due to the too great liberty with which artistic filth has been published in both places. It is a painful and pitiable sight to see boys and girls scarcely in their teens eagerly devouring the contents of publications especially intended to appeal to the lowest and most degrading passions; and it is high time that some vigorous measures were taken to sweep the vile stuff away. The record of crime is always sad to read, and where it is necessary to record it, it should be done seriously and for the purpose of warning others by the example, not made attractive by fancy pictures and fine description so that the imagination is excited and all abhorrence at the crime is lost in the interest in the subject.

PLEADING INSANITY.

The growing tendency of lawyers to put in the plea of insanity on behalf of their clients in criminal cases, is beginning to attract considerable attention; and in Indiana a bill has been introduced in the Legislature to regulate pleas of this kind. The bill provides that whenever an indicted person is found not guilty by reason of his temporary insanity the Court shall send him to a lunatic asylum for a term of years proportionate to his crime. We really cannot see that the State of Indiana will benefit much by legislation of this kind; if the bill made any provision for sending the lawyer who defended the case to the lunatic asylum, it might do some good as it would tend to decrease the tendency to put in the plea. Very few of the men who commit a murder are at all likely to put in the plea of insanity of their own free will and accord; it is generally the lawyer who proposes the idea. No man likes to confess that he is, or was, insane; even lunatics are very well confirmed in the idea that they are sane and the rest of the world mad, and we do not see that sending sane men to lunatic asylums would be by any means an efficient check to the, generally, preposterous plea of temporary insanity. It has become the fashion to attempt, at every trial for murder, to prove that the murderer was temporarily insane, and there is very little doubt in our mind that many acquittals yearly take place on this plea—especially in the United States—which are manifestly unjust; but still it would be a dangerous thing to legislate on so delicate a point. No juror would like to condemn a madman to death for committing a crime when he was unconscious of what he was doing; and, on the other hand, we scarcely think many jurors would care to be called on to send a sane man to a lunatic asylum; the safest way, therefore, it seems to us, is to leave the matter, as it stands at present, in the hands of the Judge and jurors; if the plea of temporary insanity is attempted to be used as a subterfuge let them discover it, and disregard it; but it would not be well to refuse absolutely the admission of the plea, or to attach a penalty to it, so that innocent men might frequently be punished.

THE UNITED STATES CENSUS.

The forthcoming census of the United States gives the entire population at 38,558,371; of these 5,567,229—or about one-seventh—are of foreign birth. The following particulars of the nativity of the foreigners in the neighboring Republic will probably prove interesting to our readers:

Africa		2,657
Asia		864
Atlantic Islands		4,431
Australasia		3,118
Austria (proper)		30,508
Belgium		12,553
Bohemia		40,289
British America:		
Canada	414,912	
New Brunswick	26,737	
Newfoundland	3,423	
Nova Scotia	33,562	
Prince Edward Island	1,363	
British America, not specified	13,469	
		493,464
Central America		301
China		63,042
Cuba		5,319
Denmark		30,107
Europe, not specified		1 546
France		116,402
Germany:		
Baden	153,366	
Bavaria	204,119	
Brunswick	4,876	
Hamburg	7,829	
Hanover	104,365	
Hessen	131,524	
Lubeck	279	
Mecklenburg	39,070	
Nassau	8,962	
Oldenburg	10,286	
Prussia	596,782	
Saxony	45,256	
Weimar	1,628	
Wurtemburg	127,959	
Germany, not specified	253,632	
		1,690,533
Gibraltar		77
Great Britain and Ireland:		
England	550,924	
Ireland	1,855,827	
Scotland	140,835	
Wales	74,533	
Great Britain, not specified	4,122	
		2,626,241
Greece		390
Greenland		3
Holland		46,802
Hungary		3,737
India		590
Italy		17,157
Japan		73
Luxemburg		5,802
Malta		55
Mexico		42,435
Norway		114,246
Pacific Islands		326
Poland		14,436
Portugal		4,542
Russia		4,644
Sandwich Islands		584
South America		3,565
Spain		3,764
Sweden		97,332
Switzerland		75,153
Turkey		302
West Indies		6,251
At sea		2,638
Not stated		954
Total foreign-born population		5,567,229

LITERARY ITEMS.

SCRIBNER'S.—A more readable number of SCRIBNER'S than the February has, perhaps, never been issued. There is a strange story by Miss Phelps, "Since I died," in which the gates seem to have been set ajar, indeed; a puzzling account by Noah Brooks of what he calls "The San Rafael Phalanstery;" a curious discussion by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, the English art-critic, of "One Phase of the Marriage Question;" an interesting description by Albert Rhodes of "A Court Ball at the Hague;' a new story by Miss Trafton, entitled "Little Miss Frere;" some pleasant and pointed talk by Junius Henri Browne, on "Borrowing as a Social Science;" a trenchant and most timely paper on "Art at the Capitol;" a lively description by Lady Blanche Murphy, of that peculiar British Institution, "An Archæological Breakfast;" a very valuable and entertaining article on "The Tehuantepec Ship-Canal;" a strikingly illustrated paper on Siam, "In and Around Bangkok;" and an illustrated piece of popular science "How Men Learned to Analyze the Sun." The most striking poems of the number are "A Vision of St. Eligius," by George MacDonald, as quaintly spiritual as a poem of Herbert's; "One Night," a weird thing by Amanda T. Jones; "Covert," by H. H.; and "For Thoughts," by Celia Thaxter. Dr. Holland's "Arthur Bonnicastle" contains the record of a remarkable voyage. In his Topics of the Time he has "Thoughts after Christmas," "The Neglect of the Rich," "Habits of Literary Labor." "To the Memory of George P. Putnam." The Old Cabinet has "Number One hundred and eleven." Home and Society contain, "The Hospitality we should like to See," "At the Front door," "On Skates," and "Furniture for the Sick-room." Culture and Progress discusses "Art in our Homes and Schools," "An Oracle of our Day," etc. Nature and Science is as interesting and practical as usual; and, by way of variety, there is a pretty little child-poem in the department of Etchings. The publishers advertise the November and December numbers sent free to all subscribers for 1873.

LIPPINCOTT'S.—The February number of *Lippincott's Magazine* contains a number of highly attractive articles. The concluding part of "Searching for the Quinine-Plant in Peru" forms the initial paper. The illustrations accompanying this interesting record of adventure have probably never been surpassed in accuracy of design or beauty of execution by any similar productions in this country. "A Glance of the Site and Antiquities of Athens," another well illustrated article, by J. L. T. Phillips, affords much valuable information concerning the present condition and appearance of the great monuments of the Grecian metropolis. It is written in a style which makes it eminently readable. "Country-House Life in England," by Reginald Wynford, abounds in curious and entertaining facts and pleasing anecdotes. It has all that freshness and sprightliness which invariably characterize its author's sketches of British life, manners, and customs. Will Wallace Harney's paper, entitled "Observations and Adventures in Submarine Diving," possesses a fascinating interest for every class of readers. Its revelations of subaqueous life and phenomena are not only distinguished for accuracy and vivid delineation, but offer so marked a contrast to everything to which ordinary mortals are accustomed that they arouse a feeling of excitement seldom produced by narratives of adventure upon the solid earth, in the air, or upon the surface of the sea. "Glimpses of John Chinaman," by Prentice Mulford, is at once amusing and instructive, and gives an insight into both the oddities and the capabilities of the Mongolian character as displayed upon American soil. The poetry contained in the present issue of *Lippincott's Magazine* is considerably above the ordinary level. One production, "Jack, the Regular," by Thomas Dunn English, is an interesting legend of the Revolutionary War, and is told with rare skill and power both of expression and of versification. In the department of fiction, the most conspicuous contributions are the continuation of "Probationer Leonhard," by Caroline Chesebro," and "The Forest of Arden," by Ita Amiot Prokop. "Our Monthly Gossip," as usual, is full of attractive and instructive matter. In the number for March will be commenced a highly interesting serial story entitled "The Princess of Thule," by William Black, the author of "A Daughter of Heth."

PASSING EVENTS.

THE rinderpest has appeared at Shanghai.

DR. PUSEY is lying dangerously ill at Genoa.

THE Grand Duchess Helene of Russia is dead.

THE Empress Dowager of Brazil died in Lisbon.

OSCAR XI, successor to the throne of Sweden, will be crowned in May.

A BILL to render military service compulsory in Spain is before the Cortes.

THE remains of Lord Lytton have been interred in Westminster Abbey.

PRINCE ARTHUR has visited the Sovereign Pontiff and Cardinal Antonelli.

IT was reported that the new ten million Erie loan had been taken in Europe.

THE French Assembly has enacted a law imposing severe penalties on drunkards.

THE Hon. Joseph Howe is spoken of as the next Lieut.-Governor for Nova Scotia.

THE report that Persia had ceded territory to the Czar is officially contradicted in London.

A MEETING was held at Nottingham to denounce the imprisonments of the stokers on strike as tyrannical.

AT a meeting of New York Internationals it was decided not to render aid and comfort to the Cuban revolutionists.

STOKES' counsel has submitted affidavits in support of his bill of exceptions, and the case will come up again on Friday.

THE opening of a Mexican Railroad just completed, from the Capital to the sea, had been celebrated with a week's festivities.

THE champion sculler Brown, of Halifax, will be backed for $2,500 against Sadler, or the world, —the race to come off next summer.

THE committee on the abolition of slavery in Porto Rico recommends that the indemnity to slave owners be fixed at $250 for each.

A SLIGHT eruption of Vesuvius had taken place, but beyond scaring the inhabitants who dwell at the foot of the mountain, no damage had been done.

MR. ONSLOW, M. P., who was fined £100 for traducing Sir John Duke Coleridge, having repeated the offence, will be imprisoned for contempt of court.

THE latest about the Central Asia difficulty is that Russia has proposed to define a neutral zone of territory and to recognize the independence of Afghanistan.

A RESOLUTION has been adopted in the House of Representatives at Washington calling on President Grant for information respecting land owners in San Juan who are British subjects.

AT a conference held at Chiselhurst, it was decided that the Prince Imperial shall be known by one of his lesser titles, and not by the empty one of Napoléon IV. The ex-Empress and Prince Jerome were appointed his political guardians.

IN a neat and appropriate little speech to the Chamber of Deputies, Bismarck has explained that he has resigned the Premiership for the benefit of his health, and to be relieved of some of the burthens of state. His reception was enthusiastic.

A MEETING of the Trustees to the fund raised for the relief of the operatives during the cotton famine was held at Manchester last night. The amount on hand was reported at $529,000. Earl Derby offered a resolution that the fund be applied to the foundation of a hospital for convalescents. Resolution adopted.

LAURA D. FAIR delivered a lecture on the subject of "Wolves in the Fold," at Sacramento, in a lager beer saloon, having been unable to obtain a public hall. On finding that nobody paid for admission into the saloon, she ordered the doors to be thrown open for free admittance, and the consequence was the place was immediately filled.

A Marseilles bric-à-brac dealer has discovered two curious sets of tapestries formerly belonging to Madame de Sevigné's Château de Grignon. One represents the loves of Anthony and Cleopatra—two large compositions in the style of Paul Veronese, bordered with garlands and figures, while Æneas and Dido form the subject of the others.

THE question of emigration having come up in the Prussian Chamber of Deputies, the Minister of the Interior stated that the right of change of domicile having been conceded, the Government was powerless to arrest the present movement. He suggested an amelioration of the condition of the people as the best remedy to be applied.

THE details of the recent terrible hurricane in Minnesota, which continued for fifty hours, and was accompanied by rain and snow, represent over two hundred, possibly three hundred, lives lost, mostly heads of families. Missing men continue to be found frozen every day. Thousands of horses, cattle and other stock perished. The snow banks were higher than the houses in many places, and many trains of cars were blocked up for days.

For the Favorite.

WINONA;

OR,

THE FOSTER-SISTERS.

BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD,

OF PETERBORO', ONT.

Author of "The Silvers' Christmas Eve;" "Wrecked; or, the Roscleras of Mistree," &c., &c.

CHAPTER IX.

MR. MURPHY'S EXPERIENCE.

Mr. Murphy presented himself at the 'tavern' on the eve of the day on which Archie had decided on venturing to commence his homeward journey. He found Captain Frazer recovering rapidly from his dangerous wound, carefully nursed by pretty Sally and her mother. Bill Montgomery and Lumber Pete had started for the country lying yet further back on a fall hunt, and "Madame" hung in her green baize cover on a peg beside the dresser, dumb in the absence of her owner. It was understood that while the chasing of the antlered deer was the ostensible object of the expedition of the two trappers, they were to keep a sharp watch for any traces of the lost girl and her captors. Archie had promised them a most munificent reward in case of success, a reward that opened to the mental vision of Bill the fair prospect of a mighty clearing and a roomy farm-house, close by his future father-in-law's, where he could combine the profits of agriculture with those of trapping, and see rosy Sally the proud mistress of flocks and herds and smiling cornfields, and he set his brown determined face towards the dark, mysterious forest, resolved to wring the secret of the girl's hiding place from it, if it lay in the power of man to do so. Nor was Lumber Pete less earnest in his airy way. He too had his Chateau en Espagne, rising from the glittering foundation of the promised reward. A "shanty" of his own back in the mighty treasure-houses of the untrodden forests, from which at dawn his own axemen would issue with their teams of mighty oxen, and send unusual thunder bellowing through the vast arcades, as the great sovereigns of the shady places toppled and crashed to the earth under the blows of their heavy axes; his own "logs," to float in great armies on tiny creeks, whirl on broader rivers, and at length out on the vast lake, to float as mighty rafts down the broad highway of waters, past farms, villages, growing towns and fair cities, to the great timber yards of some Montreal or Quebec lumber merchant, and thence, the precious freight of navies, east, west, north, south, from shore to shore of the Old World and the New.

WINONA'S RETURN.

Certainly, if skill, patience and utter fearlessness could compass her deliverance, Hawk-eye, the half-breed, would not long retain her in his possession.

Mike's face fell when he heard that the trappers had departed without waiting for him, but on reflection he candidly endorsed the frankly avowed opinion of Joe Harty, pretty Sally's father, that he "didn't just think he was much of a loss to them," as he knew little or nothing of woodcraft, and would inevitably have marred their plans with his misdirected zeal.

Archie endeavored to persuade him to return with him to the settlements, but to this Mike would by no means agree.

"Is it have the ould masther 'walkin', ye'd be, captain?" he inquired, with melancholy sarcasm. "An' it's meself knows he'd think as little of comin' out of his comfortable coffin to look to things himself than I'd think ov a pinch ov snuff, if he dreamt it wor in me to lave the ould place an' its rightful misthress wantin', the heavens be good to her, the maid ov me heart."

So Archie forbore to press the matter for the present.

Joe Harty had agreed to paddle him down to Lake Huron as far as the little village of Saugeen, lying behind Chantry Island; and as the lake now often showed a heavy sea tumbling against the crags, under the lashing of the fall winds, it behoved them to start without unnecessary delay, as they expected to be nearly a fortnight on the way. At Saugeen a lake steamer touched occasionally, and schooners resorted there daily during the season, so the rest of his route would present but little difficulty.

Archie gave Mike clear directions as to the steps he was to take in case of the restoration of Androsia. He was to leave immediately with her for his father's residence and not lose sight of her until she was safe under the care of the old officer and his family.

"Do you understand me thoroughly, Mike?" he inquired, after a pretty exhaustive conversation on the subject.

"Indade an' I do, Captin," replied Mr. Murphy, who was certainly anything but deficient in intelligence; "but I'm misdoubtin' somehow that we ever clap eyes on the girleen again. It's a warnin' I've had, shure enough."

"A what?" said Archie, looking at him in astonishment. "What do you mean?"

A noble fire was leaping up the cavernous chimney, throwing a remarkable warmth and ruddy light, and the tins and delf on the dresser of white pine twinkled comfortably in the cheerful light. The faint low of an animal disturbed in the comfortable shed by the raging storm, mingled with its thunders and relieved, by its every day sound, the oppressive sense of the vast solitudes of wave and wood over which the tempest rushed. To-morrow there would be prostrate trees, with up-torn roots like vast claws marking its path, and perhaps the battered hull of more than one tight little schooner drifting across the sullen waste of grey waters, or speared on some needle-like crag guarding the lonely coast.

A squirrel, black as jet, with eyes like stars, round and luminous, sat like a familiar spirit on Joe Harty's broad shoulder, daintily cracking hazel nuts under the embowering shadow of his plumy tail, and eyeing the fire sideways with a meditative air, and directly at the guide's feet lay a white deerhound dreaming, with his nose on his paws. The Great Manitou might be walking through the outside night, shod with thunder, and followed by the shouting of the winds and waves, but inside the very spirit of domestic peace and untroubled calm brooded by the hospitable hearth of the Canadian guide.

A wooden clock with a great, white face, hung against the snowy wall, and its large black hands pointed to the hour of eight.

Mike looked into the fire and shook his head with a slight groan before he answered Archie's interrogation, and the wondering looks of Joe Harty and his family. The casements rattled in the wind, and it seemed as if spirit hands were touching the wooden latch of the heavy door.

Mike drew his chair a shade closer to the fire, and rubbed up his red hair until it stood out round his head like a flaming furze bush,—an operation that he invariably seemed to consider necessary to any considerable degree of mental brilliancy.

"Now, it's not after belaving me ye'll be, I'm afeard," he said, appealingly; "but it's Gospel truth I'm goin' to tell ye, ivery wor lov it.—The Heavens be our safety this night!"

This exclamation was wrung from Mr. Murphy by a sudden clap of thunder bursting directly over the house with the sharp, metallic crash it frequently assumes in the neighborhood of cliffs and crags. It was followed by the thundering of rain upon the roof, beating like a deluge of molten lead upon the shingles, and coming in vast sheets against the windows. The din was deafening, and nearly five minutes elapsed before Mike could make his voice audible above the roar and brawling of the storm. The wind seemed, like that which smote the four corners of the house where the sons of Job were feasting, to gather from all points of the compass and culminate in a mad vortex round the farm-house; but the stout timbers stood it well, and the gust died howling away in the distance.

"That beats!" said Joe Harty, slowly. "Listen to it howling off in the woods like a pack of hungry wolves scared from a deer."

"Magnificent!" said Captain Frazer, his dark face lighting up. "I never heard anything to touch the roar of that sudden burst. The storm seemed to leap on us like a wild beast on its prey."

Mrs. Harty and Sally were well accustomed to the commotion of the elements round their lonely habitation; but the healthy bloom had faded a little in their comely faces at the unusual fury of the hurricane. Mike sat leaning his chin on his hands and his elbows on his knees, listening intently to the lingering wail of the dying wind As it fell, he sprang to his feet with such energy that the squirrel made a sudden leap from Joe's shoulder, and rushing up the rough wall, clung to one of the rafters, whence it eyed Mr. Murphy with terrified suspicion, its black eyes sparkling like diamonds from its shadowy elevation.

"Bedad!" ejaculated Mike, "afther that yowl it's time for me to be spakin. Shure now I know what the warnin' was for. Joe, ye mind Dead Man's Bay, now?"

"Sartinly, Mike," said Joe, kicking the backlog until it deluged the room with light, and gazing earnestly into the excited countenance of Mr. Murphy, who was, indeed, devoured by the eyes of all present, Archie included.

"Well, now, it's there I camped last night, more betoken clear agin me will; bud the night was down on me, like a hawk on a chicken, and I ran the canoe into the bay, thinkin' that the night wor perhaps a thrifle stormy for ghosts. The wather in the mite of a bay wor as heavy as lead and as black as ink: the red lightning curlin' an' twistin' over it like fiery sarpints, and the wind came groanin' and sighin' like a Banshee from the lake beyant, through them high rocks that makes the gateway loike into the bay. Outside, the white caps was commencin' to pop up an' down in the moon-light, loike the "good people" from a fairy rath, but it wor like oil inside the rocks. The moon had a weeny bit ov sky to herself, all blue and clear, bud every inch ov the rest was full ov black clouds wid bright edges, all tumblin' an drivin' over an' thro' aich other, like a faction fight at a fair, an' the lightning twistin' in an' out in sheets an' tongues an' great chains, that looked as if some one was forging them white hot above, an' throwin' them slap into the lake. There wor no thunder, bud a shakin' in the air that showed it wor trampin' up in the distance; an' the dhry leaves on the trees rustled as if skeletons wor shakin' them. The Saints be good to us! Captin, what's the matther wid you?"

"I beg your pardon, Mike," said Archie, reseating himself in the chair from which he had suddenly risen; "but I really fancied I saw a face pressed against the window. It must have been the merest juggling of fancy."

"Thar ain't no creetur about this night," said Joe. "I guess, Cap'n, it wor Sally's shadder. Cut along, Mike, old man."

Mike's teeth chattered, but he turned his back carefully on the window, and resumed his narrative.

"Well, Joe, you know there ain't much of a campin' ground at Dead Man's Bay, by raison ov the trees that grow sheer into the wather, an' it wor a while afore I settled down for the night on a bit ov baich no bigger than the table beyant. I propt the canoe up on one side and wrapt meself in me Mackinaw, and was asleep afore ye'd say Jack Robinson, for I'd paddled me forty mile since dawn. It worn't much thought I took ov them three trappers as had been murthered there years ago for the sake ov their piles ov peltries, an' I slaped on quite heavy until the middle of the night, when I waked up on the suddint, as wide awake as the squirrel there, the dawshy thafe! and as quiet as a corp. Now, in gin'ral, it's no thrifle ov time it takes me to git me head straight in the mornin's, but there I wor as bright as a new pin, an' me stariu' out from undher the canoe in the darkness. Saints alive! I felt the marrow melt in the bones of me. Agin the yallow blackness ov the sky I could see a figure standin' within hand's grasp ov me, bud whether man or woman, it warn't in me power to say. "Shpecthers, Mike," says I to myself, for I could see another a little ways off, 'make yer sowl, me boy,' an' I fell to pattherin' an Ave as loud as I could. Well, at this same moment there came a flash of white lightning, an' by it I saw"—Mike paused, and with a face blanched by the remembrance, looked round the excited little group of his listeners.

Archie laughed as Mike's eye caught his, for

he felt certain that Mike was relating the experiences of a nightmare.

"The skeleton forms of one of the trappers and his murderer, I suppose," he said, stooping over the flame to light his cigar.

"The face of Winona," uttered Mike, in a tone of such deep awe that Archie gazed at him in astonishment, "the eyes ov her lookin' into mine, an' her long, black hair drippin' wet all round her, just as you an' me seed her last, an' behind her—Sally! what's come to the child? Spake, asthore. Mrs. Harty, ma'am, spake till her, for it's dazed she is!"

Sally had risen from the low settle in the chimney corner on which she had been seated, and was gazing past Mike with such blank horror in her dilated eyes, such stony terror in her fixed face, that her fresh young beauty had given way to the wanness and lines of old age. At the same moment a sudden hurricane filled the room, the fire leaped up in lurid splendor, the rain and surf dashed coldly on the faces of the startled group, as the heavy door dashed back against the wall.

"Look!" came from Sally's blue lips, and in the act of raising her arm she fell straight along the hearth.

Joe's love was for his daughter, and before he turned his pale face to look, she was in his arms, with her white face lying like a lily on his broad breast. He turned, and for the first time in his life his heart melted like water. Mike, Archie and Mrs. Harty stood motionless, as though carved in stone, facing the open door; and on the threshold, her length of black hair torn by the wind, her bronze face and starry eyes lighted by the red billows of light from the fire, stood the lofty form of the Indian girl, Winona, and behind her a shadow that crouched from the glow that swept out into the murky light.

Mike Murphy dropped on his knees, his hair rustling as it rose on his head; and Mrs. Harty threw her blue apron over her face to shut out the spectral form.

Archie recovered his mental poise at once and sprang forward, determined to solve the mystery at any risk.

At the same moment Winona glided into the apartment.

CHAPTER X.

MR. MACER.

"So extremely unkind of dear Olla," murmured Cecil Bertrand with infinite pathos, folding up a closely-written sheet of pink paper with a dainty monogram, all pale purple and gold at the top, and raising her speaking eyes to the watchful face of Mr. Denville, who strode at her side, looking down at her curiously.

They had come from the Post-office and were strolling up King Street at the fashionable hour, about half-past four in the afternoon. She had met him down town, and he had joined her, a proceeding to which she was by no means averse.

Miss Cecil was in her glory. There was a soft, bracing breeze blowing, just sufficient to deepen the delicate tints in her cheeks, and stir to a more bewitching "fluffiness" the fantastic but perfectly enchanting "waves, frizzes and curls" of sunny hair that was the envy of every woman she met. There was the pink shade in the afternoon sunlight Parisian milliners recommend to all complexions in their artistic toilettes. Her fall suit had three more frills and a more gracefully draped "panier" than that of any to be seen the whole bright length of King Street, and her light blue velvet "toque," set jauntily somewhere on the top of the puffs and King Charles curls, she felt was the greatest success of the season; the pheasant's wing in the left side, she was proudly certain, being fully three inches taller than any she had seen during her promenade. She was a lovely little creature of the pure Canadian type, a dainty, glowing blonde, fragile and spiritual looking, but rounded and moulded to a perfect symmetry. The blonde hair was bronze but where the light touched it; the eyes deeply blue, with the archest lights flickering in them, or wells of deepest tenderness, as occasion required. There were the merest shadows of dimples playing round her mouth, and on the upper lip, to the left, was a jet black mole about the size of the head of a pin, and which Cecil regarded as a treasure beyond all price, for if anything could have heightened the lucid pearl and rose of her matchless skin, that mole was decidedly the thing. She was one of those daintily "fast" girls of the period who can venture upon doing almost anything, confident of tripping out of even a shadow of reproach with the most bewitching air of innocence, and supremely blest in never sinning against the "proprieties" ungracefully. The men raved about her, flung as many bouquets under her kid "bottines" as though she were Patti or Nilsson, lost incalculable amounts of Jouvin's gloves to her in insane bets, and filled her music-rack with new music, with which she charmed their rivals in her melting little voice, that was just loud enough to be confidentially audible to some happy wight turning the pages for her in a shadowy corner of the drawing-room.

She was one of the fortunate few who retained alike the favor of the military and civilian *partis*, and dispensed her smiles with great exactness between the red coats and the black coats. If Lieutenant Prancer had the privilege of "sitting out" a quadrille with her in some shady retreat in a conservatory or heavily-draped bow window, young Briefless was pretty certain to whirl her off in the next galop after supper, so she kept the balance pretty well poised. She made it a point to be "engaged" to a new man every six months or so, and Archie Frazer was her ninth victim. Him she had made up her mind to marry if "she could not do better," and as Mr. Denville was "better" financially, she was spreading a net as fine as those invisible cobwebs most fatal to flydom for his capture.

"What, may I ask, is your friend guilty of to call such a complaint from you?" said Mr. Denville.

He was a good fellow, and if any one had called him a "flirt" he would have been in a very honest rage; but he had melting black eyes, a deep baritone voice, and a dangerous habit of accenting personal pronouns and quoting Tennyson. He was deeply in love with Olla Frazer, but as he glanced down into Cecil's face, one would have thought his happiness was dependent on her smiles alone.

Cecil flashed a tiny smile and gracious bow to a group of young officers on the opposite side of the street, and then sighed slightly.

"It's so provoking," she said. "I quite reckoned on taking Olla with us to-night to the Calico ball. Every one is to be there, and though she had promised to be in Toronto to-day, here she writes me not to expect her for an indefinite period. Too bad, isn't it?"

"I suppose so," returned Mr. Denville, with an air of supreme indifference that delighted Cecil, who was far from guessing what the effort of self-control cost him. "You will show to-night, of course, Miss Bertrand. Do give me the first galop, please."

"Oh, of course, mamma, Linda and I are going; but as to the first galop, I'm so sorry, but——"

"Exactly! engaged, of course; well, tell me at what hour of the evening I may approach your throne."

"You may have the first slow waltz after supper; my card is full up to that."

"Thanks. I shan't require to 'make a note of it,' like the famous Captain Cuttle, I assure you, Miss Bertrand."

Cecil smiled sweetly. The compliment she understood, but whether Captain Cuttle was a nautical contemporary of Confuscius, or an officer in the new regiment ordered to Toronto, she was in total ignorance, as her literary researches extended not beyond the monthly fashions and the Sunday lessons in church. When conversation came dangerously near the sunken reefs and shifting sands of literature, it was droll to observe how skilfully she "tacked" until she caught a favoring gale in her rosy sails, and danced lightly away on the foam of flirtation from the uncanny neighborhood, fit only, in her estimation, for strong-minded sirens of an uncertain age, in spectacles and some one else's chignons, certainly not for a creature who looked as though she had just stepped daintily out one of Watteau's artificial Arcadias, or floated on butterfly wings from some fairy-land where the forests were of myrtle and roses, and the chief end of woman was to dance and do "shopping" after some Celestial fashion, or "catch" the most eligible Fairy Prince of the season.

"Olla says," she said, dashing into conversation, lest Denville, who was rather literary, should talk "books," "that she does not like to leave home until her brother's return from—what's the name of the place—Man—something or other."

"Manitoba," suggested Denville.

"It's islands," said Miss Bertrand; "but the name doesn't sound quite right."

"Manitoulin, up beyond the Georgian Bay."

"Oh, that's it, thank you. Do you know Captain Frazer had a most romantic adventure up there! Got shot by an Indian with an arrow. It was so nice it wasn't a gun, because, of course, it couldn't be so dangerous, and it's so much more common and there was something about a young woman in it."

"Oh!" said Mr. Denville thoughtfully, with a sudden lightening of his face, "that is Olla's reason for postponing her visit, is it?"

He called her Olla in a tone that was unmistakable to Miss Bertrand's practised ears, and she hastened to add:

"I think dear Olla has some other reason for not caring to come to Toronto just now. Do you know young Armor of M'ntreal?"

"Slightly. What of him, pray?"

Cecil laughed and blushed prettily, toyed with the tassel of her glove, and turned away her face ever so little from her companion, who was watching her with darkening brow, and eyes full of the shadow of her coming words.

"I am to be bride's-maid in the spring," she said, laughing merrily, "and I do so enjoy the idea. Do you know I never was one before, and a wedding is such jolly fun; don't you think so?"

"No," said Mr. Denville, with a countenance worthy of Othello. "I must say *au revoir*. I have some business up town."

"Don't forget to-night," said Cecil, giving him her soft little hand, and smiling up in his face dangerously.

Denville strutted away with his nose in the air and his heart like an old red sandstone under his unexceptional waistcoat. He loathed the smiling, rustling, bowing crowd he wended his way through, and, like Mr. Longfellow's very uncomfortable friend in the light toilet of bones,—

> "Hateful to him were men,
> The sunlight hateful!"

Ha! he had been trifled with, his heart had been ripped up by a faithless coquette whose shy smiles had meant nothing! He had—but was there no remedy? Hope, the dulcet charmer! sought to murmur in his ear, but Reason gave such loud denial that Hope, fragile child of mist and sun, faded and died. He glared straight ahead, and thought grimly of "La Trappe," of Peter the Hermit, of St. Senamis, of Robinson Crusoe, of some land where women, and consequently falsehood, were unknown, of suicide as fashionable amongst the Japanese, and then he pulled up the flying steeds of wrath and despair that were running away with him, and became majestic and philosophic, and politely cynical for a little. He smiled loftily at his burst of rage and pain, and asked himself, "Was there a woman worth a second thought on the face of the earth?" and he answered, "Not one" with infinite readiness; and then he was in the middle of the whirlpool of disappointment and lacerated affection again, tossed to and fro as madly as ever, and feeling curiously stunned and bruised and light-headed. In this mood he turned into a billiard saloon off Yonge Street, much frequented by the upper tendom of Toronto, and found a number of men there he knew, with three or four officers, young fellows possessed of fine animal spirits and illimitable ideas on the subject of "chaff."

"Hilloa! Denville, so you're entered for the Bertrand," shouted Lieutenant Prancer, as Denville walked up to the table. "I say, old fellow, is it your cue to cut Frazer out in that quarter? Confound that ball! say I."

The Lieutenant missed his stroke, and swore gently for a minute or two.

"You'd better leave that game alone," said another. "Archie Frazer is a Tartar, I tell you, once he's roused."

"What are you talking such nonsense for?" said Denville angrily. "Miss Bertrand is a mere acquaintance. Be good enough to leave her name out of our discussions."

"As if we didn't meet you as spooney as Romeo and Juliet," cried Ensign Spooner, "not twenty minutes ago! But it's *fin contre fin* there, let me tell you, my boy, if flirting's your ticket."

Ensign Spooner, in complexion and physique, bore a startling resemblance to the copies of humanity in gingerbread sold by elderly ladies under the peaceful shade of calico umbrellas at fairs and street corners, and chastely decorated with gilding. An immense eye-glass went about with him, with which he was ever engaged in a spirited but fruitless struggle to make it stick in his eye with the proper air (his eye was like the current optics gracing the before-mentioned works of culinary art), and the glass invariably remained master of the field.

Denville cast a withering look at the Ensign. He turned to Prancer.

"Come," he said, "will you play?"

"Thanks, no more just now," said Prancer; and then, lowering his voice a little, "regularly cleaned out by that fellow with his chin in a black muff. You should see him play."

"Who is he," said Denville, turning and looking at the man indicated by a slight nod of Prancer's head.

"Don't know, I'm sure," returned the Lieutenant, yawning dismally. "Going to the Calico affair to-night?"

"Yes, and after that all you fellows come back with me to the Rossin, and we'll have a champagne supper in my rooms."

"Thanks." The Lieutenant drew out his watch. "I must be off to old Bluebell's to order a bouquet for La Bertrand for to-night. She lives such a deuce of a way out of town that I'll just have time to canter out there and back before dinner. *Adio, mio amico,*" and with a wave of his hand Lieutenant Prancer took leave of the company, and was quickly followed by Spooner and the other officer, a ponderous young man with a red head, and an upper lip projecting like a bracket.

The room was nearly deserted, and Denville walked up and down once or twice impatiently. He would have given a thousand dollars for some means of drowning remembrance of Olla's deceit, even for a moment, for each instant the memory was becoming more intolerable to him. Once or twice he felt tempted to rush to some bar-room and drown all thought in wine, but he was not a weak man, and rejected the idea the instant it formed itself in his mind. He had, as the French term it, too much "respect of himself in the presence of himself" to venture on such a debasing expedient, the last and ruinous resort of a coward.

"The man with his chin in the muff," as Prancer had happily described him, stood by an empty table, knocking the balls about in an idle, desultory fashion, but with a style and skill that would have delighted Dion. He was a tall, stalwart-looking man, with a face bronzed almost to the hue of that of an Indian, jet black hair and immense beard and whiskers, flowing in an ebon tide on his chest. He sauntered quietly round the table, glancing occasionally at Denville, and exchanging a word or two with the billiard marker. In his present vein, Denville was on the *qui vive* for something, no matter how trifling, to distract his attention, and after standing for a few moments, watching the skilful caroms made by the stranger, he approached the table, and, after a remark or two, proposed a game, to which the other readily assented. On the stranger's proposal, they played merely for "tables," and though his play was far superior to that of Denville's, the latter soon saw that his opponent was not giving his undivided attention to the game. He seemed greatly more inclined to talk than play, and, a rather uncommon gift, he spoke well. He had a trite fashion of moulding his sentences, and a clear, low, incisive voice, that dropped every word like the single soft stroke of a bell on the ear. He had seen a great deal, and drew more than one short, grim laugh from Denville by a droll anecdote or two of his personal experience of the gaming tables of Homburg and Baden, and the *rouge-et-noir* of Paris. An hour's conversation with him left Denville under the impression that his companion was a gentleman by birth and education, possibly a roué and blackleg by profession, certainly untroubled by too dainty a code of honor, a thought cynical, one who concealed strong and long claws under *pattes de velours* of conventional refinement; in fact, a man with whom parents would hardly care for their sons to associate. He won of course, for Denville played only a tolerable game at the best, and finding that he also was staying at the Rossin House, Denville and he strolled slowly thither in company, as dinner hour was approaching. As they turned a corner, into a quiet but fashionable thoroughfare, a pretty little "bit," in art parlance, met their eyes. A light spring wagon, freshly painted green, and drawn by the most demure, roundest and brownest cob that ever trotted between the shafts of a vehicle. The cart was a moving bank of bloom and emerald foliage, scarlet geraniums, rose camelias, oleanders, roses wagging their luxuriant heads in the breeze, fuschias vibrating their graceful bells of scarlet and purple, every blossom that the skill of a florist could force to bloom at that season, and great plumes of ferns waving over all. A pretty, soft-eyed girl was standing on the step of a florist's shop, watching the wagon move away, and she moved aside as Denville drew his companion into the store, and walked behind the marble counter, flecked here and there with scarlet petals blown from the plants in the window.

"What can I do for you, sir?" she said, as the young man looked round the dainty bower of this mercantile Flora.

"You make up bouquets here, of course," he said, while the stranger looked on with amused interest in his dark eyes.

"Oh, certainly," she said, smiling. She was very pretty, and smiles became her. A great damask rose in a hanging basket touched her jetty hair, and an oleander tree behind her tossed a fountain of pink blossoms above her head.

"I wish you to make me up a bouquet for a lady for the Calico ball to-night," said Denville, impatiently tapping the marble slab with his cane, for he felt that he was doing a foolish thing. "Make it as large and as brilliant and as expensive as you possibly can," he added.

"For a brunette, then, of course, sir?" said Flora suggestively.

"Not at all; the lady is a small blonde, but I fancy she doesn't care much about flowers unless they cost a great deal."

"For a blonde, I should recommend white camelias, a spray or two of scarlet geranium, cape jessamine, daphne and tube-roses. Shall I also send for the coiffure? Flowers will be mostly worn this evening with the calico toilettes."

"Oh, certainly. Can you send them to the house of the lady?"

"The boy has just driven flowers for the decoration of the tables to the hall, but on his return he shall take them right away. The name, please?"

"Miss Cecil Bertrand, at Maple Villa, a little beyond the Asylum. Be kind enough to place this with them."

He tore a leaf out of his note-book, and wrote in pencil, "With Mr. Denville's compliments," and handed it to Flora, who read it with a little twitching of her cherry lips.

"I wonder who he is," she mused, as she slipped the crisp notes he had handed to her into the dainty rosewood till; "rich, that's plain. That's the sixth bouquet I made up to-day for that little minx. She's safe to wear his though, for it cost the most. Won't that Prancer be in a jolly rage."

Miss Flora came in for curious little bits of the great drama played by the puppets of the Paphian boy, in her leafy bower on the busy street.

The stranger stood in the hall of the Rossin looking after Denville as he disappeared to his rooms to prepare for dinner.

"I think I see my way to something I want," he said; "but I must be careful. Well! I seldom am anything but that, and yet how Fate has gone against me of late. Patienza, *mio amico.*"

"What say, sah?" said a waiter skipping up, with a napkin dangling from his sable fingers.

"I say bring me a sherry-cobbler to my room, and to-day's paper, and be quick, my friend."

"Cern'ly, sah. Jim! sherry-cobbler and paper to No. 8. Nice gemman No. 8! Golly! what a beard he got. Wunner whar he cum from."

CHAPTER XI.

WINONA'S RETURN.

Mr. Murphy bounded from his knees, and, with the spring of a grass-hopper, bounded towards the back-door. Of all the powers of earth arrayed, rank and file, against him, his Milesian heart knew not fear, but the appearance of Winona's "Fetch," heralded by such tempestuous turmoil, opened the flood-gates of superstitious terror, and with a "whoop" of exceeding mental anguish, he sought safety in flight. Mrs. Harty had taken the precaution of fastening the latch with a cord early in the evening, and Mike found his retreat in that direction cut off.

He kicked the door violently, roaring in a voice that out-howled the tempest:

"Let me out, yer sowls, let me out for the love of glory! Och! me shirt's burnin' into holes on me back wid the eyes of her! Stand betune us, Captin dear, and spake her fair. It's yerself has the larnin', an' sure wanst they're a corp it's only the Latin they mind. *De profundis osculum*, an' get out wid ye!"

"Leave go of that yowling," roared out Joe Harty, as Mike beat on the door in the energy of despair, and groaned in mortal terror. "Can't ye make use of yer eyes, Mike?"

"Is it an' have the eye-balls ov me melted clane out? Isn't her eyes scrapin' the flesh ov me this minnit like red-hot claws. Captin, Captin, out wid the Latinity, or we're lost enthirely."

Mr. Murphy was not altogether the slave of imagination. The squirrel had dropped in an agony of terror from his eyrie on the rafter to Mike's back, and, confused by the turmoil, was rushing up and down the broad expanse of his shoulders, making free use of his sharp claws to the extreme detriment of the linen and epidermis of the latter.

"Mike," cried Archie Frazer, in a voice that rang like a clarion, "look! see who Winona has brought to us. Oh, man, look round!"

There was such a thrill of joy in the young officer's voice that Mike was encouraged to turn his terror-stricken countenance over his shoulder, still, however, clutching the unyielding latch.

The entrance door had closed with a loud crash, and Winona stood in the full blaze of the fire-light, watching Mike with eyes that scintillated in the red glow, the leaping scarlet touching the rich bronze of her lofty face, and finding a dead reflection in the masses of dripping ebon hair that hung dankly to her knees. One rounded arm supported a rifle over her shoulder, the other was clasped closely round the form of Androsia Howard, who, nearly unconscious, leant against the vigorous form of the Indian girl, the clear outlines of her marble features sharply defined against the dark figure of her companion. The garments of both the girls were rent and torn, and Androsia's delicate feet were bruised and bleeding. Her head was uncovered, and the dusky gold of her hair, clinging to her white throat and shoulders in damp, uncurled masses, caught red pencillings of light from the fire. Her garments, sodden with rain, clung to her limbs, and her large eyes were half-open and glazed like those of a corpse. Instead of being reassured by the appearance of his beloved Miss Drosia, Mike's terror was exactly doubled, but, fortunately, its effects now were simply those of complete paralysis, and, his stout legs giving way under him, he slipped to the floor in a sitting posture, propped up against the door, his eyes as round as buttons, and fixed on the little group with an unwinking steadiness that threatened to force them from their sockets.

A wooden bench ran along the wall beside the fire-place, and without a word Archie took Androsia from the Indian girl, and carried her towards it; but Mrs. Harty, recovered from her panic, pushed a low, cushioned rocker before the direct warmth of the fire, and bade him place her in it, as she began to show slight signs of returning animation.

Winona advanced with her usual supple, majestic, noiseless tread to the hearth, and leaning with clasped hands on the rifle, watched Mrs. Harty and Sally, who had recovered almost instantly from her brief swoon, as they busied themselves about Androsia, wringing the water from her hair and clothes, and issuing shrill directions to honest Joe to pile on more wood and "keep hisself out of a body's way."

The honest fellow was so absorbed in staring at Winona that he was found to be quite impervious to lingual remonstrances, and, to keep him at all "out of the road," as Mrs. Harty expressed it, the good woman was fain to resort to free use of her stout elbows, and Joe was hustled hither and thither, being apparently quite unable to remove his eyes from the Indian girl.

The water was running in little streams from her hair and clothing, and lay in the tiny hollows of the roughly-hewn hearthstone, like pools of blood in the rich red light, and, from the shadow of her falling night of hair, her large eyes burned with a smouldering heat and fire like the reflection of a conflagration on the dark tarns of a wilderness on a moonless midnight. She stood voiceless, her black shadow flickering vast and spectrally across the floor and white-washed wall, a statue of bronze such as it is alone in the power of the Indian to become, motionless as though sculptured from some firm and dusky cliff. Her steady gaze was fixed on the pallid face of her foster-sister, gaining a faint rose in the warmth of the apartment.

Archie stood leaning on the back of one of the heavy wooden chairs, with all a man's incapacity for assisting in such an emergency, his eyes also fastened on the lovely face shining out from the scarlet flannel cushion fastened to the back of the rocker like some rare cameo traced in lines of perfect, pallid beauty by some master-hand.

The moment had not yet arrived for explanations to be either given or demanded, though it must be confessed his soul burned with impatience for light to evolve from the mystery of the sudden appearance of the two girls.

He felt a heavy hand laid on his arm, and looked up to find Joe at his side, still eyeing Winona, to whom he directed Archie's attention in a guttural whisper:

"Corn-shuck she's got slung to her wampum. I'm bet, that's all, Cap."

Archie glanced at Winona and back at Joe.

"I see she's got a bunch of dirty-looking horse-hair slung to her belt," he said, "but what of that?"

Joe drew his brown fore-finger in a circle round the top of his grizzled head with a slow gesture of great significance.

"I'm darned, an' blowed, an' busted," he whispered, "ef 't'ain't a SCELP. Whar upon airth hev the young catamount made the raise on it?"

"Eh! What?" cried Archie in very natural dismay, "what are you talking such rubbish for, Joe?"

"You bet I ain't," responded Joe confidently; "it's a scelp, an' fresh raised, or I never seed or teched one when I war a youngster on the Rocky Mountains."

"Yes," said Winona, speaking suddenly in English and turning her great eyes slowly on the two men; "yes, behold, it is the scalp of the enemy of my sister, the scalp of the lover of my sister. He fell but two suns ago under the hand of Winona. The leaves rustle on the body of Hawk-eye! The crows clamor in the air above him!"

She showed her white teeth in a dazzling smile of triumph; but reading the expression of horror in the countenances of her listeners, she darkened into added gloom, with a touch of lofty scorn in it, as she looked at them.

Androsia turned her brightening eyes on her foster-sister, and held out her arms to her appealingly. The latter understood the significance of the gesture, and, compressing her lips, tore the ghastly relic from her belt, and flung it upon the crimson cavern of the fire.

"It is done!" she said. "Winona kept it but to show that her tongue was not the tongue of a liar."

Androsia's face flushed with joy as the flames licked up the last fibre of the scalp, but the inbred instincts of the Indian girl had been fully aroused, and she stared with sullen regret at the vanishing trophy she had sacrificed to the wishes of Androsia.

Androsia looked round her as one awakening from a dream, and, with a sudden yell of joy, Mr. Murphy bounded from his sitting posture and executed what her Majesty of glorious memory, Elizabeth of England, was wont to describe as "a merrie volte."

"Och, be japers! it's herself it is, an' no spechther, at all, at all. Miss Drosia, acushla, it's me heart's broke wid joy to see ye, an' it's mended it'll be sure if yez can only say that it's not the widdy of Hawk-eye ye be. Winona, yer sowl, whin war it ye picked off the honest gintleman so purty? An' how cem it he kep yez so snug, an' so menny out afther yez for this two months an' more?"

Winona turned on the excited Mr. Murphy and looked at him.

"An' besides," ejaculated Mike, retiring suddenly, "it's dead I seed ye meself, an' Captin Frazer here! Oh, begorra, is it come for a dacent berrein' ye are, afther all?"

Mr. Murphy retreated suddenly to the other side of the chair occupied by Androsia, as his superstitious terrors revived, and in expressive pantomime besought of Archie to question the supposed "fetch;" but anxious as Archie was to do so, he could not help agreeing with Mrs. Harty that Androsia should at once be placed in bed, as she appeared utterly exhausted and incapable of uttering a word. Under the good woman's directions, he carried her into an inner room, and, laying her on the clean patchwork covered bed, stole out again, leaving her to the kindly ministrations of Sally and her mother.

He found Winona wringing the heavy masses of her hair, and drying her doeskin tunic at the fire, watched by Joe from the midst of a cloud of blue tobacco smoke, and by Mike, who, apparently, was slowly regaining confidence, from a shadowy recess behind the glittering dresser, from which he peered cautiously at the dusky form and beautiful face of his former pet and protégé, but who, now wrapped in gloomy musings, seemed unconscious of his presence. She turned abruptly and faced Archie as his light step sounded on the boards, and her dark eyes roved inquisitively over his face and figure, both of which bore traces of his recent severe illness. Mike came cautiously from his lair, and placed himself near Captain Frazer, who, with a cordial grace, pushed the rocker towards Winona.

"Sit down," he said gently; "you seem greatly fatigued. Mike, put down more wood; it grows colder every moment."

So certain had he been of Winona's death that it seemed a curious dream, her dark presence in that homely room; and his voice sounded unfamiliar to himself as he uttered these commonplace words to one, the mystery of whose appearance amongst the living was yet unexplained. Up to this moment he had had no leisure to feel anything but the pleasure of the restoration of Androsia, but now there was a pause, and other emotions filled his heart. He did not now wonder so much at Mike's display of terror, for despite education and a tolerable share of common sense, he was conscious of a kind of mental shiver as he looked at the weird beauty of the dusky countenance brooding over the flame. There was profound silence in the room, during which she seemed to read his inner soul with her stern eyes. Her face relaxed as she looked at him, and with a smile she sank wearily into the low chair. Did any doubts as to her earthly condition remain in Mike's mind, her first words dispelled them at once and for ever.

"Food," she said. "Winona is hungry. Winona is like the wolf when the snow lies softly in the woods."

Joe's pipe smashed as it fell to the ground, and in less time than it takes to relate he had placed before the half-famished girl cold meat and bread in abundance, with the laconic, but hearty exclamation, "Pitch in."

With every mouthful the girl devoured, in the manner of one who had nearly died of lack of food, Mike drew a pace nearer, eyeing her proceedings with exquisite pleasure, and when, at length, she concluded her repast, he rushed up and took her long, slender hand in his brown, hairy paw.

"Shure it's the wholesome, comfortable appetite ye have, acushla, the heavens be praised for that same! an' it were bether than bell, book or canule to see the cowld pork goin' into that purty mouth of yer own, me darlint! Shure it's yer own ghost I wor afther takin' ye for, ma coleen d'has. The divil a wan ov me bud did."

Winona smiled gravely, and seemed pleased at Mike's evident joy at her restoration; but suddenly she started and looked searchingly at him.

"Did Hawk-eye utter the words of truth? He shrieked it in the ear of Winona that the father of her white sister had journeyed to the hunting-grounds of the spirits of his people."

"The truth it war, honey," responded Mike, much affected. "Thim hands," and he extended his brawny paws, "nailed him down in as comfortabie an' tidy a coffin as ye'd care to see, and laid the daisy quilt over him, his sowl to glory an' his name to grace! Bud how in the name of wonder did ye come across Miss Drosia an' that owdacious haythen wiggler, Hawk-eye?"

A terrible light leaped like a flaming sword from the dusk eyes, and inspired by the memory of her dangers, Winona rose, tall and divinely terrible, as some dark avenging power. Her form seemed actually to dilate and become shadowy in its outline.

"Inwardly brightening
With sullen heat,
As a storm-cloud lurid with lightning."

Her explanations we must leave for another chapter.

(To be continued.)

THE QUIDBURY MYSTERY.

BY JUDGE CLARK.

Quidbury was a dull place before it had two newspapers in it. But when the *Cudgel of Progress* shied its castor into the ring, and the *Weekly Prodder* squared off responsively next door, things took a more lively turn.

Swasher of the *Cudgel* was a bluff, portly, bull-doggish looking man, whose grizzled wig bore evidence of the frosts of some fifty winters. He had a good head, Phrenology said; but Phrenology doesn't always know the difference between brains and rickets. Whether he wore green goggles for weak eyes, or to hide strabismus, was nobody's business but his own.

Prickle of the *Prodder*, in person, was his rival's opposite. He was lean, lank, and wiry; had light sorrel hair, worn close cropped, and looked a trifle younger than the other.

Both came to Quidbury strangers, and about the same time. Prickle bought the *Village Cackler*, whose proprietor, after a year's experience trying to please everybody, taking his pay in approved country produce, was ready to sell out cheap. Swasher brought his materials with him.

How two papers could thrive where one had starved was a problem cautious people shook their heads over. But such had not closely studied the great law of competition, the force which makes the world move. It was not until the *Cudgel* and the *Prodder* had espoused opposite sides of every question, moral, social, and political, discussing them with an acrimonious fierceness unexampled in journalistic warfare, and people had begun to take and read the papers, much as they would have stopped to look on at a fight, that the fogies of Quidbury began to see how two newspapers might do better than one.

There is not much neutrality in human nature. There are few matters on which we are really indifferent, or on which we can witness a heated controversy without taking sides. I have known a couple of men punch each other's heads over a theory in metaphysics, and another couple come to blows over a canine combat when neither owned either of the curs.

Human nature, in Quidbury, was the average article. It only needed stirring up, and that it got. The two editors were very evenly matched. What they lacked in argument they made up by bespattering each other. They even went the length of kicking up one another's ancestral dust; Swasher averring that Prickle's great-grandfather's second cousin by marriage had been received into another if not a better world on the personal introduction of J. Ketch, Esq., and Prickle retorting that Swasher's half-aunt's-uncle had been cropped as a horse-thief. The natural result followed. Quidbury was divided into two parties. A full census of the adult population might have been made from the rival subscription lists. Both publishers put money in their pockets. And more than one case of assault and battery occurred between those who had been fast friends before becoming readers of the *Cudgel* and the *Prodder*.

The wonder was how the promoters of so many broils themselves escaped collision. Threats and defiances enough were exchanged between them. When Swasher hinted, with delicate irony, at a certain natural affinity between his cotemporary's cuticle and a horse-whip, promising, ere long, to give a public demonstration of the fact, he of the *Prodder* retorted that the pot-valiant swaggerer next door had better learn to spell able first. But next day, when Swasher paraded the streets, armed with a six-foot cart-whip, seeking his adversary high and low, the latter was nowhere to be seen; and the day after that, when Prickle took the war-path, brandishing a bludgeon like a weaver's beam, and variously evoking his foe to the direful conflict, the erst heroic Swasher came not, but made default. It was a strange circumstance that two men, so eager to encounter, should so long continue next door neighbors, and not only never meet, but never both be visible at once. Nevertheless timid people predicted sanguinary consequences, if the two ever did come together.

Affairs came to a crisis tragic enough at last. On the Eve of a local election a sub-committee-man ran up to Swasher's sanctum to urge the issue of an extra, exposing some newly discovered plot of the enemy.

Bursting into the room without knocking, the sub-committee-man was astonished at finding himself, not in the presence of the portly editor of the *Cudgel*, but in that of the gaunt proprietor of the *Prodder*, in his shirt sleeves, washing his bloody hands in Swasher's basin, a copious crimson pool on the floor adding to the horror of the scene!

"Murder!" shouted the sub-committee-man.

Men rushed in, wild with excitement. Prickle, overwhelmed, exhibited all the confusion of suddenly detected guilt. He stammered a few incoherent words, but essayed no explanation of the damning circumstances. An officer was called, who hurried him off, barely in time to prevent the infliction of summary vengeance of which ominous mutterings began to be heard.

A deep mystery enshrouded the affair. Days passed, and no sign of the body could be found. Swasher had last been seen going into his office a few minutes before the sub-committee-man entered it. That he had never gone out alive was only too apparent. But how two hundred and odd pounds of corpse could have been made away with so suddenly, leaving not a trace behind, was a query only darkened by discussion.

I appeared for Prickle at his examination. The case against him was black enough. He was either unable or unwilling to give any explanation of the facts. In our private consultations he gave evasive answers. I did the best I could, making the most of the non-discovery of the body. But the circumstances were overwhelming. Prickle's unexplained presence in the private office of his enemy, the latter's disappearance, the condition of the prisoner's hands, the pool on the floor, a portion of which had been carefully analyzed by a rising young doctor, who pronounced it human blood, and discoursed so flippantly of fibrine and albumen and corpuscles that it was easy to see he knew what he was talking about — all combined to dissipate every remaining scruple touching the prisoner's guilt, and those who had hesitated before now felt constrained to join in the general verdict.

The magistrate was about to sign the final commitment, when the prisoner rose under great excitement.

"This is all infernal nonsense!" he exclaimed.

"Silence!" admonished His Honor.

"I tell you Swasher's no more dead than I am," persisted the prisoner.

"Prove that, and it will save you a world of trouble," remarked the Squire dryly.

"Send me to his office and I'll do it," said Prickle."

The proposal seemed reasonable. The accused was conducted, under a strong guard, to his late rival's sanctum.

"Allow me to enter alone," he said; "you can watch the door and windows."

With some demurring the request was granted.

Prickle went in and closed the door. In ten minutes it was opened, and the astonished spectators saw before them, not the gaunt form of the suspected murderer, but the substantial figure of his supposed victim, and, strangest of all, it was now Prickle that was invisible!

There was so little of the ghostly in Swasher's plump appearance, that the fright which might otherwise have been occasioned by his sudden turning up, gave place to surprise and curiosity.

The account he gave, in answer to a torrent of questions, increased rather than abated the general astonishment. Sitting in his office, he said, Prickle had stolen in upon him, and, by a few mesmeric passes, had reduced him to a state of unconsciousness, out of which he had but just returned. Where he had been stowed away meanwhile, or what had become of Prickle, he knew no more than others.

Quidbury was nonplussed. The Black Art, many were found to insinuate, might not be entirely a lost one, and strong hints were given out, in Swasher circles, of the existence of relations, more intimate than creditable, between the Prickle faction and the Father of Evil.

Swasher sold out the *Cudgel* shortly after for a handsome price, and laid an attachment on the *Prodder* office—one of whose proprietor's old

notes he had picked up somewhere — and sold out that too, as the property of an absconding debtor.

Prickle was never seen in Quidbury after Swasher's reappearance; and the latter left soon after with a snug sum in his pocket.

Last summer, at a popular watering-place, turning about in answer to a tap on the shoulder, I found myself face to face with my mysterious client.

"Glad to see you," he said; "I owe you a fee, I believe."

I modestly assented, and Mr. Prickle made matters right, expressing his regret that circumstances had prevented his doing so sooner.

I could not forbear a question or two touching the occurrences above related.

"All easily explained," he said. "You see that rascal Swasher—excuse the force of habit—and myself were one and the same person. A little padding and Swasher's wig and goggles made all the difference. The two sanctums were separated by a board partition, part of which I could remove and replace at pleasure, and so be either Swasher or Prickle as occasion might require. I had forgotten to lock the door the day that confounded sub-committee-man bolted in and played the mischief."

"But the blood ?"

"Pshaw !—I had upset a bottle of red ink and got some of it on my hands. What an ass of himself that fool of a doctor made, with his Fibrine and Albumen and Corpuscles !"

THE WORLD WOULD BE THE BETTER FOR IT.

If men cared less for wealth and fame
And less for battle-field and glory,
If writ in human hearts, a name
Seemed better than in song and story!
If men, instead of nursing pride,
Would learn to hate it and abhor it,
If more relied
On love to guide,
The world would be the better for it.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands,
And more in bonds and deeds fraternal,
If love's work had more willing hands
To link this world with the supernal;
If men stored up love's oil and wine
And on bruised human hearts would pour it,
If 'yours' and 'mine'
Would once combine
The world would be the better for it.

If more would act the play of life,
And fewer spoil it in rehearsal;
If bigotry would sheath its knife
Till good became more universal;
If custom, gray with ages grown,
Had fewer blind men to adore it--
If talent shone
In truth alone
The world would be the better for it.

If men were wise in little things--
Affecting less in all their dealings;
If hearts had fewer rusted strings
To isolate their kindred feelings;
If men, when wrongs beat down the right,
Would strike together to restore it—
If right made right
In every fight,
The world would be the better for it.

For the Favorite.

THEODORE'S COURTSHIP.

A TALE OF SISTERLY DEVOTION.

BY NED P. MAH,

OF MONTREAL.

Time, something after midnight; place, Great Coram street, London.

A fleet hansom, which had rattled us home from a "soirée de Boh me," at which we had been enjoying the society of a number of brothers and sisters of the pen and brush, stopped, in mid career, in a manner which said much for the training of the wiry screw between the shafts, at my lodgings, or rather at the lodgings of Mrs. Mah, as the lady has condescended to call herself, who, in consideration of a box at the Opera, a season ticket for the Palace and sundry other privileges and emoluments in our private agreement made and included, corrects, punctuates, and, in some instances, fair copies my careless MSS. and poses as my model for all female characters from chamber-maid to duchess, besides rummaging her fertile brain for those pleasing quips and oddities which, appended to my elegant little vignettes, so delectate a discerning public. I should have chosen another neighborhood, but gave in to Mrs. M. who represents her landlady as an "out-and-outer," and "completely on the square," although how any idea of rectangularity could connect itself with that rotund and capacious matron has ever been a mystery to me.

The vehicle, as I said before, stopped; and thence emerged your humb e servant handing out a lady in pink, (Laura will wear pink, despite my protestations, although it does not become her; probably because it, her complexion, and the champagne she most affects, are all of precisely the same tint,) who straightway let herself in with her latch-key, while I turned to the driver in order to hand him the due recompense for his drive.

With some question about change, I lifted my eyes to his face, where, some far away memories stirring faintly within me, they instantly became rivetted by the awakening recognition expressed in his own optics.

"Why! Jack——"

"Hush," said I, with an uneasy glance at the hall, in which the lady in pink was busily engaged in illuminating the conjugal lamp. "Not Jack, now—Ned—Edward---Edward Percy Mah, journalist, caricaturist, cartoonist, hack author and poetaster, at your service. But Theo, old boy, how on earth did you ever attain your present exalted position. I declare you quite look down on poor me. And I thought all the while were enjoying the pipe of peace and the good things of this life—in fact the *otium cum dig.* of a respected and opulent existence among the sand hills of Jutland! But come in and tell me all about it," I continued, fairly pulling him down his box and saluting him, as the people used to do at Baden, on both cheeks.

"I suppose," said Theo, emitting a huge puff of smoke, and settling himself luxuriously in my American rocking-chair, "that the circumstances which preceded our parting in Hamburg are still vivid enough in your memory. That it is needless to recall to your mind's eye the figure of the charming old gentleman and the more charming young lady, whose acquaintance we made on the excursion to Bankenese; nor to remind you—no, I see by your smile that that, at least, is not necessary—how that young lady's charms were the preponderating influence in leading me to accept the old fellow's advice, to see Copenhagen before my return to my own, my native land. Of course you remember how, under the genial influences of champagne and the unflagging vivacity of your own varied and amusing conversation, the old boy declared that we were the best fellows out of Denmark, and exerted every argument in his power, and all his authority with his niece to add her entreaties that you should join us in a trip to the Danish Capital, and how you remained courteously obstinate to the last.

"Well then, my story really commences at 5 o'clock in the morning of the day on which you bid me adieu at the gangway of the *City of Hamburg*, when I turned my face from the retreating steamer to the city whose name she bore, whose spires and pinnacles were then gleaming in the morning sun. Of course I felt awfully cut up at parting from you, my comrade in my pleasures and dangers, my joys and sorrows, for a whole twelve-month of travel and adventure, and it was fortunate that I had the happy consciousness of pockets well filled by over-prosperous ventures at Baden, and the still more enlivening hope of speedily possessing the one woman I had ever really wished to own, to aid my naturally elastic nature to recover its balance.

"Arriving at the hotel, I stumbled across the head-waiter as wide-awake, obliging, and irreproachably dressed as ever. I wished his aid to procure me some eye-openers and pick-me-ups as antidotes to my grief; and then sounded him as to his knowledge of Herr Guldenberg. I elicited that the firm of Guldenberg and Son, (here was discovery No. 1. I had somehow felt perfectly satisfied in my own mind that Rosalie was an only daughter—by which I mean to say an only child,) was one of the richest in Copenhagen, the celebrated "Rander's kids" bring a staple article of trade with them. 'No doubt,' he added, 'Rosalie will have a heavy dower. The man who wins a woman at once beautiful and rich, will be a lucky dog.'

"Discovery No. 2 was in this wise: I was chatting with old Guldenberg, when the conversation turning on music, he asked Rosalie to give us a sample of Danish love-songs on her guitar. Sitting there on her low stool, her features animated by the act of singing, which she did with much feeling, she made the prettiest picture imaginable. 'Isn't she a charming little woman?' said the old man, in a little access of rapture. 'She seems something more divine than woman,' said I. 'Your daughter is, indeed, but little lower than the angels.'

"'Allow me,' replied Herr Guldenberg, 'to correct a little misunderstanding. Rosalie is not my daughter, although she frequently calls me papa.'

"I always thought it was the old buffer's daughter," I broke in, replenishing Theo's glass and drawing his attention to the box of cigarettes, (neat-handed Mrs. M's own rolling.) "How did he introduce her? or was there any introduction at all that jolly afternoon at Blankenese ?"

"That must have been it," proceeded Theo. "Old Guldenberg went on to explain that she was one of his brother's two,—here he hesitated and instead of using the word daughters, said girls—who had recently on his brother's decease in Spain, been committed to his guardianship; and never, continued the old boy, breaking into raptures again—never were lovelier or more loveable wards. Rosa was the most beautiful, if what everybody said was true; but her beauty was of a graver, more melancholy style. I should soon be able to judge for myself; but to him Rosalie, his lovely, fairy-like, bright little Rosalie, was perfection. In amiability,' he added, 'both were equal, for in that virtue each was superlative.'

"Here then were three discoveries. 1st. My adored was not a rich merchant's only child—he had a son. Next she was not this rich merchant's child at all. 3rd. She and another, as yet unknown, paragon, were the "girls" of Herr Guldenberg's brother.

"Now it behoved me, who, however, much I might be in love, was not quite insanely so, nor unmindful that the few hundreds made at Baden, were all that I possessed to speculate, whether this Herr Guldenberg No. 2, had also been a rich merchant, or a merchant at all, or rich at all, and whether his girls, in the event of his having been rich, were co-heiresses, or, to use an Americanism—or how?

"Well, at any rate, I was booked to accompany the old man and his fair ward to Copenhagen, and no doubt I might, by keeping my eyes and ears open, meet with further revelations. Meantime, the days passed delightfully. We made little excursions into the country, Rosalie usually taking her sketch book, and making the loveliest little picturesque landscapes imaginable. Oh, Jack, she was so clever and so witty, and so lively and so loveable, I declare the more I saw of her the more I——Well then, you saw her yourself, Jack, only just magnify the opinion you formed of her about a thousand, fold and you will have some idea of what she was really like when you come to know her. Then, in the evening, we went to the Opera or we strolled round the Alster basin by moonlight, or Rosalie played and sang to us at home. Oh, how happy I was, and, I think, we all were.

"Well, at the end of the week, old G. having finished his business, I suppose, we left for Copenhagen, via Lubeck.

"My first impression of the Danish Capital, as I saw it in the chill sunlight of the early morning, was that it had a very bleak appearance, and that as we used to say in our school-boy days, it looked extremely far off at a distance; all seaport towns do seem to be visible such an interminably long way off.

"However, we got there at last, and in reply to some questions about hotels, Herr Guldenberg said, 'Sir! you are an Englishman. I am at home here; permit me to do the honors of my city and of my country, and make my house your home as long as you will. My wife and Rosa will do all in their power to make you comfortable. You should never have supposed me so uncourteous as to have left you to the barren hospitality of an inn. And Rosa, ha ! ha ! You have yet to see Rosa, I assure you her charms will bear comparison with Rosalie's.'

"We drove out along the harbor in the direction of Charlottenlund, where Herr Guldenberg had his summer quarters in one of those little gothic villas that look out over the water to the far off Swedish coast. His particular little gothic villa was called Guldenlyst.

"Madame G. was a buxom, well-preserved, hospitable matron. But Rosa, Rosalie's sister,—how shall I describe Rosa? I can only say that to all Rosalie's talents she added a beauty of a far more exalted style. She was a superb creature with a grand melancholy air. Yet to me Rosalie's pretty face, and her little, lively, fluttering, merry ways, were twice as enticing. It was as well that this was so, for before I had been long in the house, I found that Rosa was evidently intended for, if not already regularly betrothed to Carl Guldenberg, junior.

"Well, after about a fortnight of close companionship, and having been everywhere with the girls, sometimes in their cousin's company, sometimes without, to all the museums; from Thorwaldsen's to the "Old Sager;" to the Theatre, and other places of less fame; having seen the pictures in Christiansborg Slov, and the exteriors and interiors of other pal.. and public buildings, not forgetting the round tower; having made pretty good running with Rosalie all the time, and thinking from appearances and especially from the girls' extensive costumes and expensive habits that there could be no lack of cash anyhow,—I made up my mind to sound Herr Guldenberg as to my prospects of becoming his ward's husband.

"I opened the subject one Sunday evening as we smoked our cigars in the little green summer house overlooking the graceful waters of the Sound.

"I am, as you know, Jack, a modest man, so I will pass over the old merchant's high flown praises of myself, and merely say that he declared that nothing on earth would please him more than to see me Rosalie's husband.

"'But,' said he, 'it is only right that, before proceeding further you should learn a few circumstances connected with the affairs of my two wards, with which my son, who will shortly be affianced to Rosa, has already been made acquainted.'

"'My sainted brother Frederic, was my senior by twenty years. I was quite a boy when he left for Spain, where he made his fortune and won the hand of a young Spanish lady of good family and some wealth. Only one thing marred their wedded bliss—for years they were childless. At last they resolved to adopt a little orphan girl to whom Frederic had been greatly attached by the likeness she bore in "expression and in her glorious eyes,"—I am quoting Frederic's letter on the subject—"to his adored Inez." A year afterwards Providence, as though pitying the evidence of their yearning for children, sent them a little daughter of their own. The orphan had been christened Magdalene. They called their daughter Maude.

"'The arrival of this treasure seems to have thrown Magdalene's attractions altogether into the background, the mother having apparently taken a dislike to her from that day, and looked upon her as an alien and an interloper; and it was this dislike no doubt, (for Frederic worshipped his wife,) which influenced him in the wording of the will which provides, that Maude shall receive the whole of his fortune, subject only to the payment of a small yearly pittance to Magdalene, which is to cease on her marriage day. Meantime, an affection of unparralelled strength had sprung up between the two girls. Maude defending her foster-sister against every evidence of her mother's hatred, and fighting with tears, protestations, and passionate entreaties for her position in the household.

"'Two years ago, Inez Guldenberg died, and my poor Frederic, whose existence was wrapped up in hers, survived her only for a few months—appointing a certain Von Lorenzo and myself his executors, and confiding the two girls to my guardianship. I was laid up with the gout to which I am an occasional martyr, at the time. Von Lorenzo is old and infirm—in a word, it was arranged that the girls should travel to Copenhagen alone.'"

Here Theo paused to drain and refill his tumbler of claret, remarking that talking was dry work, and fearing I was tired. As I energetically denied this, he lit another cigarette, and folding one foot luxuriously over its fellow, and reclining both upon the mantel shelf, he thus continued:

"'Now,' proceeded Herr Guldenberg, 'begins the mystery; here commences the problem which it is our duty, and your and young Carl's interest, to solve; but which has hitherto baffled the united perspicuity of myself and Madame G. Two chambers were duly prepared for the girls' reception, one sumptuous enough for Maude, one neat, but not too gaudy, suitable to the position and less ambitious expectations of Magdalene. Imagine my surprise, therefore, when the girls arrived and I rose, as well as the gout would permit, to do honor to their reception to see before me two young ladies, alike in dress, stature, and charms, with no atom of difference in demeanor or bearing.

"'Welcome, my darlings,' said I, 'pray which is my niece Maude, and which is Magdalene?'

"'She whom we call Rosalie was spokeswoman. Tears glistened in the eyes of her companion.

"'You must know us,' she said, 'not as Maude and Magdalene, a rich heiress and a poor dependent; but as Rosa and Rosalie, two sisters of equal fortune, both alike orphans; both alike bound to each other's hearts by years of sisterly devotion, both alike prepared to love and honor you and our good aunt both alike resolved to keep intact our little secret.'

"'And they have kept it. No cajoleries, no threats, no deep-laid traps, no sudden questionings, have ever surprised or extorted from them one admission which could give a clue to their identities. I and my wife have exhausted our ingenuity in vain. We have even written to Von Lorenzo and invoked his aid in vain.

"'Here,' said he, drawing a paper from his pocketbook, is what he says:—

"Casa Lorenzo, Madrid.

"I'll give you," said Theo, "the drift of the letter, and as nearly the words as I can remember."

"I have had the honor, much esteemed Herr Guldenberg, to receive your letter which relates the pretty deception practised by your wards, and invokes my aid—inclosing photographs for that purpose, to discover their identity. I regret much that my eyes are too dim to serve you in this, and that I know not where, at this present time, to find eyes that could decide the question. Your brother's household is scattered to the ends of Spain. My nephew, who is my amanuensis, did not return from his cottage till the girls were gone. Nor does your description aid me, the girls were always much alike. Maude was, I think taken altogether, the gayest, but was subject to strange fits of melancholy. They were both very amiable. I will tell you a little story of them. One day I had eaten with your sainted brother and his sainted spouse, and we were drinking coffee in the veranda; Maude's cup was full of little bubbles, and it is an old wife's proverb that bubbles are the sign of wealth. You will be very rich Maude, said Magdalene, but see, there are no bubbles in my cup. What matters, Maggy, cried Maude, when I have enough for both? Is not all I have yours? I know to be with them was like to be with angels. I miss them much. Ah, well! I am old. I go soon where we shall meet; where too, some day, I shall make the acquaintance of yourself and of your amiable spouse; but that this may be long years hence, for you, Heaven grant! "Accept, etc.,

"Fernando Lorenzo."

"'That's all the help he gives me,' said Carl Guldenberg, grimly. 'Well, I have done all that my sense of duty, as regards the carrying out of Frederic's wishes, and my own dislike of being baffled by a couple of little baggages, prompts. And, by Jove, I wash my hands of it! We must let the matter rest until the weddings come off, and then the grave question of settlements will drive the girls into a corner at last. Meanwhile, it is only right that I should warn you that the disinterestedness of your attachment may receive a rude test. Rosalie may not be worth a shilling. I do you the honor to believe that you are disinterested. Again, Rosalie may be worth her thousands, and my Carl's Rosa, be penniless. I do assure you upon, my solemn honor, that you and my son are equally in the dark.'

"'Of that I am certain. Whatever the result, I will take my chance with Rosalie.'

"'I think you will do well. Who gets a good wife is rich already.'

"It was too late to draw back; there was some excitement too in this lottery. Besides, were not the chances on my side. It was Rosalie who had spoken to her uncle on her first interview. Naturally the heiress would have made that speech. Again Rosa's beauty was more perfect than Rosalie's. Was ever woman perfectly beautiful and immensely rich?

"I sought out Rosalie.

"'Rosalie will you be my wife.'

"'Have you seen uncle Guldenberg. Has he told you?'

"'I know all about it, Rosalie. Rich or poor, will you be mine?'

"She looked up shyly, blushing, half inclined

to hide her head upon my shoulder. 'And you don't care which, not the least little bit?'

"'Not the least little bit, my darling.'

"Never mind what the answer was. I understood it."

I had almost fallen asleep. The last words had fallen with a drowsy tinkling on my ears, but the sudden silence roused me.

"Well?" I asked.

Theo seemed in no hurry to proceed. "Well," he said, at last, "we were married, and she hadn't a penny."

"I had £300 left. In a week I made a resolve. I left her £200 to live on for a year, and came to England to work. I came away in the night and told her about it in a letter. She is to hear from me in a year. My Governor's head clerk in Bullion & Co's you know, he'll get me in there some day. Meanwhile I'm—I'm driving a night-cab!

"You see the worst of it is, I had to cut away. I could do nothing there where I didn't know the lingo. I couldn't bring her over here to live in beastly lodgings. With the money I left her she can live like a swell in the little house Guldenberg gave us in Velle, (a little town that nestles between two big hills, the prettiest place you ever saw) for a whole year. By that time I mean to have some money."

Theo fell into a gloomy reverie. I thought once he was going to blubber. Leaving him to himself I was soon asleep in earnest.

I was awakened by the bright sunlight streaming through the window, the venetian shutters of which Laura, no longer in the odious pink, but in a dazzling white wrapper, while her fresh face beamed out of the snowy kerchief which daintily covered her curl papers, like a dish of strawberries nestling in cream, had just thrown open.

"O you bad boys!" she cried, "sitting up drinking, and smoking, and talking all night till you look like seedy old men! See, I have brought you some steaming mocha to refresh you. And she slid beneath my elbow the crisp companion of my breakfast table, that morning's *Times*.

Lazily I moved myself to receive the smoking nectar from her hand. I passed Theo's cup without adventure. I received my own with a start that shook half its contents upon the carpet. Could it be, or was my eye obeying an old artist habit, merely conjuring an unstable picture, the creation of my mind?

I held up the agony column of the *Times* before Theo and before Laura. This is what we all read there.

"Rosalie to Theo.—Come back, truant, at once. Maude's money is half mine. I have accepted, so you have nothing to say. She was only waiting for the lawyers, and to see if you really loved me. Come back or I shall think you don't. Quick, for the moments seem like ages since you left."

I kissed Théo, and I kissed Laura, and I danced with her round the room; and Theo kissed me, and he kissed Laura, and he danced with her round the room; and then we danced with each other round the room, and then we all danced together, for very joy.

You see, reader, we, the Bohemians of Bohemia, have not yet learnt to control our emotions as well-bred people should. When we are glad we dance, and when we are sorry, we weep.

The tidal train, that day, took Theo as a passenger.

I year passed and I received a letter from Theo. He had made a purchase and received a present. The purchase was a bassinet, and the present was a little tiny, pink Rosalie. Then followed pages of eulogies of her mother's virtues, and the child's beauties. Bref. His wife was an angel, and his child, a cherub!

"Ned," says Laura, looking up with swimming eyes, "Why didn't you marry an angel like Magdalene?"

"My darling," I whispered, as I kissed away the passionate tears from the lustrous eyes, "I am afraid I am not fit for paradise yet. I love you none the less that you are human."

And Laura murmurs, as she nestles on my breast, "Thank Heaven."

N. B.—The author acknowledges that some faint recollection of a play witnessed by him years since, in a Danish provincial town, have furnished him with the idea worked out in the above tale.

"AN UGLY DOG."

"Splash—splash," went that wretched dog through the mud, his ears hanging down and his tail between his legs.

"Oh! the ugly dog!" cried two young girls who were carrying home clothes from the wash.

"Oh! the ugly brute!" shouted a carter; and he gave his whip a loud crack to frighten him. But the dog took no heed of them. He ran patiently on, only stopping at the crossings when there were too many carriages for him to pass, but not seeming to busy himself at all as to what people said, or what they thought about him.

He ran on so for a long way.

No doubt of it, he was an ugly dog. He was lean and scraggy. His coat was of a dirty gray color, and in many places the hair was worn off in patches. Neither were there any tokens that he had ever been a handsome dog, and that his present state of wretchedness was owing merely to sudden misfortune. He looked, on the contrary, as though he had always been an ill-fed dog, having desultory habits, no home to go to, and seldom anything better to eat than a chance bone or a crust picked up in the gutter. Yes, he was certainly a miserable dog.

But I wondered to see him run so obstinately in the middle of the road, when there was room in plenty for him on the pavement. He was a small dog, and by trotting close under the shop-fronts he could have slipped unnoticed through the crowd, and not have exposed himself to be run over by the cabs and whipped by the carters. But no; he preferred the road where the mud was, and he ran straight before him, without looking right or left, just exactly as if he knew his way.

I might have paid no more attention to this dog, for there are enough of whom I take no notice; but I observed that he had a collar round his neck, and that his collar was attached to a basket. This set me thinking; for a dog who carries a basket is either a dog sent out on an errand, or a runaway dog who has left his master, and does not know where to go. Now which could this one be? If he was a dog that ran on errands, why did not his owners feed him better, so that his ribs should look less spare. But if he was a dog who had left his master, and run away into the world to face care and trouble alone, what hardships or what cruelties had he had to suffer, that he should have taken such a step in despair? I felt I should like to have these questions answered, for there was something of mystery in them; I therefore followed the dog.

We were in Oxford street, in that part of it which lies between the Marble Arch and Duke street, and the dog was running in the direction of the Regent Circus. It was a dull wet day in winter; the rain had been falling. A gray fog was spreading its vapours along the road, and every one looked cold and uncomfortable. A few shops were being lighted up here and there, for evening was setting in. But the contrast between the glare of the gas and the occasional glow of the red coal fires burning cheerily in the grates of ground-parlours, only served to make the streets seem more dark and dreary. And yet the dog went pattering on, going at a sort of quick jog-trot pace, keeping his ears always down, and paying no attention either to the omnibuses that rolled by him, the costermongers who swore at him, or the other dogs who stopped at times with a puzzled air, and gazed at him with silent wonder. I had to step out fast to keep up with him. It is astonishing how that squalid dog could trot. I was afraid more than once that he would distance me, but, thanks to the knack he had of always keeping to the middle of the road, I was prevented from losing sight of him. We passed North Audley street, after that Duke street, and we then came opposite a small street which forms a very narrow and dirty thoroughfare at the end which is nearest Oxford street. Here the dog paused for a moment appeared to hesitate as to what he should do. He made a few steps forward, then receded but, finally, seemed to make up his mind and entered the street, still trotting. There was no one there. The dim drizzling rain, which had begun to fall again, the cold, and the fog had all scared away the habitual frequenters of the one or two sordid cook-shops that line both sides of the way. There was only a rag-and-bone-man sorting broken bottles at his door and coughing wheezily from old age and misery. The dog went on. The street grows wider as one proceeds, and the houses also become better and cleaner. I asked myself whether the dog could possibly have his home about here, and whether he would not suddenly disappear down the area, in which case the romance of the thing would have been ended, and I should have had my walk for nothing. But no, he turned abruptly off at a mews, and, after a few seconds of the same apparent hesitation as before, slackened his pace and stopped opposite a public-house.

A mews is never quite empty. The are always grooms loafing about in doorways, or stable-boys going in and out of washhouses. At the moment when the dog and I appeared a coachman was harnessing two horses to a brougham, and a couple of men were helping him. Opposite, and exchanging remarks with them from the treshold of the public-house, stood a servant in breeches smoking a long clay pipe; the dog was standing still; but all at once, before I had had time to suspect what was going to happen, he rose up on his hind legs and commenced walking gravely round in circles.

The man with the breeches and the clay pipe uttered a cry of surprise. The two others and the coachman raised their heads, and, upon seeing this strange sight, left their work and clustered up to look. A few more people attracted by the noise came and joined us. We soon formed a ring.

It seemed to please the dog to see us all around him, for he gravely wagged his tail once to and fro, and tried to put more spirit into his exercise. He walked five times round on his hinder legs, looking fixedly before him like a soldier on duty, and doing his best, poor dog!—I could see that—to make us laugh. For my part, seeing the others remain speechless in their astonishment, I laughed aloud to encourage him; but shall I say the truth? I felt more ready to cry. There was something inexpressibly sad in the serious expression of this lonely dog, performing by himself a few tricks that some absent master had taught him, and doing so of his own accord, with some secret end in view that he himself only could know of. After taking a moment's rest he set to work again, but this time on his fore-feet, pretending to stand on his head. And what a poor, intelligent head it was, as almost shaving the ground, it looked appealing at us all, and seemed to say: "Please do not play any pranks with me, for really I am not doing this for fun." When he had walked round on his head until he was weary, he lay down in the midst of the ring and made believe to be dead. He went through all the convulsions of a dying dog, breathing heavily, panting, suffering his lower jaw to fall, and then turning over motionless. And he did this so well that a stout, honest-faced woman, who had been looking on without laughing, exclaimed, "Poor beast!" and drew her hand across her eyes.

The rain continued to fall, but not one of us thought of moving, only the dog, when he had lain dead a minute, got up and shook himself, to show us all that the performance was ended. He had displayed the extent of what he knew, and now came forward to receive his fee. He stood up on his hind-legs again and, walking to each of us separately, assumed the posture that is properly known as "begging." I was the first to whom he came. He gazed at me inquiringly with his soft eyes wide open, and followed my hand patiently to my waistcoat pocket. The basket round his neck was a round one with a lid to it tied down with string, and a little slit in the lid through which to put in money. I dropped in a shilling and stooped down to read a bit of crumpled paper I saw hanging loosely from the collar. It bore these words, written in a shaky hand: "This is the dog of a poor man who is bed-stricken; he earns the bread of his master. Good people, do not keep him from returning home." The dog thanked me for my offering by wagging his tail, and then passed on to my neighbor. Human nature must be kinder than people think, for there was not one of the spectators—not even he with the breeches and clay pipe, whose face had impressed me unfavorably,—but gave the dog something. As for him, when he had gone his round, he barked two or three times to say good-bye, and then pattered contentedly away at the same jog-trot pace he had come.

He went up the street, and I followed him, but when we had reached Oxford street, he quickened suddenly, and began to run hard, as if his day was ended and he wanted to get home. Evening had quite fallen by this time, and I felt it would be useless to go after my four-legged mystery on foot, so I called a cab, and said: "Follow that dog," very much to the driver's amazement.

It is a long way from the part of Oxford street in which we were to Tottenham Court Road, where the small dog led me. But I should have have understood the journey had it not been made at such a furious pace. The dog never once looked round. Twenty times I thought he would be crushed by passing vans or carriages; but somehow he got through it. He had an extraordinary tact for finding a passage between horses' hoofs, and, like a true London dog as he was, he showed intimate familiarity with all the intricacies of crossings. Still, it was some relief to me, both on his own account and on mine, when I saw him branch off at last. I was beginning to fear that he would never stop, that he had something of the wandering Jew in him. It seemed impossible that, without taking any rest, without even pausing for an instant to draw breath, such a very lean dog should keep on going so long. Tottenham Court Road (this was about eighteen months ago) used to be a sort of fair at night-time. It is a lengthy highway running amidst a tangled network of sorry streets, the population of which, from dusk until the hour when the public-houses close, used to spread hungry and idle amongst the countless booths which had then not yet been swept away, and where shell-fish, sour fruit, and indigestible-looking meat were sold by yelling costermongers. On the night in question, when I went there in pursuit of the dog, I foresaw that I should be led to one of those sickly nests of fever, where poverty, disease, and misery have their abodes set up in permanence; and I was not wrong.

The dog, running faster than ever now, as if he felt more afraid for his basket amongst these ravenous crowds than he had done at the West End, bolted suddenly up a narrow side street, where there was no room for a cab to pass. I paid the driver, and jumped out. It was a filthy street, but that was a secondary matter. Where the dog went I would go: and thus I dodged after him, first down a crooked alley, then through a foul court, and lastly up a passage where it was pitch dark. Here I groped my way along a damp wall, and stumbled upon the first step of a staircase. Being a smoker, however, I had some vesuvians about me. I struck one, lit a piece of twisted paper with it, and by the moment's flame I thus obtained descried the dog making his way up a creaky flight of wooden steps, battered in places and rotting from mould. He barked when he saw the light, and growled uneasily. But I softened my voice, and cried out, "Good dog! good dog!" trying thereby to appease him. I suppose his instinct told him that I was not an enemy, for he turned round to sniff my trousers, and when I struck a second vesuvian he consented to my accompanying him without doing anything else but continue his sniffing. We went up three stories in this way, until we reached the garret floor. There were two doors face to face, and one of them had a latch with a piece of string tied to it. The string dangled with a loop at its end to within a few inches of the ground. The dog raised one of his forepaws, pressed it on the loop, and by this means opened the door. We both walked in together.

There was a rushlight burning in the neck of a ginger-beer bottle. There was an empty saucepan in a grate without a fire. Some tattered clothes were hanging on the back of a broken chair, and some bits of plaster, fallen from a cracked ceiling, were encumbering the floor. On the splintered deal table was a plate with a solitary bone on it, and next to it a cup with the handle gone. I turned from the sight of these things to a mattrass laid in a corner of the room. The light was rendered so flickering by the gusts of wind that swept through the window—to which bits of newspaper had been pasted for want of glass—that I could not at first distinguish very clearly where I was, and what I saw. I could only hear the affectionate whinings of the dog, and vaguely see him leaping upon some one against whom he was rubbing his head, and whose face he was licking with an exuberance of love. I heard a voice, too—but a voice so husky and broken, that it resembled a whisper—repeat feebly, "Good dog—good Jim!" and then I saw a hand untie the basket, and heard the sound of money poured out on the couch.

"Good Jim!—good Jim!" went on the cracked voice; and it began counting, "One, two. Oh, good Jim!—good Jim! here's a shilling. One-and-threepence, one-and-ninepence, two shillings. Oh, good dog! three and a penny, three and——" But here followed a terrified shriek.

"Who's that?" cried the man, covering up the money with his sheet, and he looked at me, livid and haggard, with the ague of fever.

"Don't be frightened," I said; "I am come to do you no harm. I am a friend. I have followed your dog home, and I desire to help you if you are in need."

He seemed to be a man about fifty, for his hair was not all grey; but the ghastly hollowness of his cheeks, the emaciated condition of his body, and, above all, the gleam of disease in his burning eyes, made him older than a man of ninety, for they told more plainly than words could have told that he had already one foot within his grave.

My tone and my countenance seemed to reassure him; but he continued to hide his money.

"I am a poor man, sir," he gasped,—"a very poor man. I have nothing but what my dog earns me, and that's nothing. He goes out to idle; and if he picks up a few pence" (here the old man had a fit of hectic coughing)—"if he picks up a few pence, sir, it's all he do pick up."

I felt my heart ache, for I guessed the truth.

"He's not an idle dog," I said. "Has he not earned you more than three shillings to-day?"

"Oh, no, sir—no, sir; it's threepence," protested the miser, trembling. "It's threepence—threepence, sir. Look and see."

And he held up three copper coins from out of his covering.

"You are very ill, my man," I said, approaching his mattress. "You must let me send you a doctor."

"Oh, sir! no, no; I—I've no money to give them. Let me alone, please. I'm not ill: I shall be well to-morrow. It's nothing but a cold—a—a cold."

His dog was continuing to lick his face. I remembered that the poor brute had not eaten.

"Your dog must be hungry," I observed; "shall I give him this bone? He has earned it well."

"Oh, God!—oh, God! Let that bone alone," faltered the unhappy wretch, trying to rise; "it's my supper for to-night. Jim doesn't want anything: he picks up plenty in the streets. Oh!—oh! I shall starve if you give him that bone."

"I will buy you something to eat," I answered, taking up the bone, to which there was not a particle of flesh left. "Here, Jim," said I, holding it out. But the dog, instead of accepting the bone, looked wistfully at his master to ask for leave.

"No! no! Jim," panted the miser fearfully; and the dog turned away his head, refusing to be enticed.

"How long have you been laid up like this?" was my next question. I was growing sick at heart.

"Ten weeks, sir,—oh, ten weeks," groaned the man—who had caught the bone out of my hand and thrust it under his pillow—"ten weeks; and when I fell ill, the dog went out one morning and brought me back a penny in his mouth. Since then, I bought him a basket, and he goes out every day . . . . . but he's—he's idle, sir,—he's idle; he brings me nothing to what he used to do when we went out together. Yes,—oh, yes! he's an idle dog!"

* * * * * *

But why prolong such a dialogue? Is there anything more depressing than the sight of moral infirmity coupled with bodily disease. This palsied miser was a rich man; at least rich comparatively to his station. He had made himself a small fortune by the intelligence of his dog, and his sudden illness, instead of reducing him to poverty, had, on the contrary, only added to his means. The dog had earned more alone than he had ever earned with his master. Each morning at the break of day, he went out with his empty basket, and every night at sunset he returned with it half full. I learned this from the miser's neighbors; honest people, though poor, who pretended to believe in the fevered wretch's tales of want, in order that he might not have cause to dread them, and so refuse their necessary services.

There is a great deal of this innate unsuspected delicacy in the hearts of the working poor.

These rough and uncouth, but kindly natures, tended the graceless miser in his sickness. They bought his food for him, they washed his linen, and they asked for no payment for anything they did. As for the unhappy man's gold, it was at their mercy; but the thought of touching it never seemed to cross their minds.

"Only," said one with a naïve accent, "I think, sir, 't will be better when he's laid in the ground. His money might be good then to some as would make use of it."

"And the dog?" I murmured reflectively.

"The dog's his friend, sir," was the neighbor's answer, "and he won't live long when his master's gone."

And these words were prophecy. I sent for a doctor, for a nurse, and for nourishing food, to battle against death; but our efforts were useless. The miser lived a week, and upon each of the seven days the dog went out according to his habit, with his basket round his neck, and remained out for ten or twelve hours, till dusk. Sometimes I followed him from morning till evening; seeing which, and remembering my face as that which stood daily by his master's bedside, he wagged his tail at my approach, and consented to walk at my heels. One night the miser died, and on the morrow Jim did not go out. He had missed his master the night before, and guessed that they had put him in the long black box that stood in the middle of the room. When the men came to carry away this long black box, the dog went after them and cried. He followed the coffin to the cemetery, where he and I were the only spectators besides the curate, the sexton, and the undertaker's men. When the earth was thrown in, he looked at me plaintively to know what it meant, and when the burial was over, he wished to remain near the open tomb, waiting till his master should rise. I took him home with me, but he would not eat, and next morning at sunrise he howled for his basket. It was no use keeping him, so I tied the basket round his neck, and sent him out.

That evening, foreseeing what would happen, I went to the cemetery. The dog arrived at nightfall, with his basket full of pence, and I turned them all out upon the grave. "Come home, Jim," I said, with the tears rising to my eyes; but he whined mournfully, and tried to scratch up the earth. Twice more he went out like this all day, and brought back money for his master; but on the third evening, finding that the pence on the grave remained untouched, he suffered me, without resistance, to take off his collar, and lay down at his full length near the miser's last sleeping-place.

The next morning he did not go on his rounds, for he was dead!—*Cornhill Magazine.*

TOO LATE.

Whisht, sir! Would plaze to spake aisy
And sit ye down there by the dure?
She sleeps, sir, so light and so restless,
She hears every step on the flure.
What ails her? God knows! She's been weakly
For months, and the heat drives her wild;
The summer has wasted and worn her
Till she's only the ghost of a child.

All I have? Yes, she is, and God help me,
I'd three little darlings beside,
As purty as iver ye see, sir,
But won by won dhrooped like and died.
What was it that took them, ye're asking?
Why, poverty, sure, and no doubt;
They perished for food and fresh air, sir,
Like flowers dhried up in a drouth.

It was dreadful to lose them. Ah, was it?
It seemed like my heartstrings would break,
But there's days when wid want and wid sorrow
I'm thankful they're gone—for their sake.
Their father? Well, sir, saints forgive me,
It's a foul tongue that lowers its own;
But what, wid the sthrike and the liquor,
I'd better be sthrugglin' alone.

Do I want to keep wan? The darlint,
The last and the dearest of all—
Shure you're niver a father yourself, sir,
Or you wouldn't be asking at all.
What is that? Milk and food for the baby—
A docther and medicine free—
You're huntin' out all the sick children,
An' poor toilin' mothers like me.

God bless you, an' thim that have sent you,
A new life you've given me, so,
Shure, sir, won't you look in the cradle
At the colleen you've saved, 'fore you go?
O Mother o' mercies, have pity—
O darlint, why couldn't you wait?
Dead! dead! an' help in the dureway--
Too late! O, my baby! Too late!

MARRIED IN A SNOW-STORM.

(FROM THE RUSSIAN OF ALEXANDER PUSHKIN.)

About the year 1811, memorable in Russian history, there lived upon his estate at Nemaradof a rich landed proprietor, Gabrilovitch by name, noted for his affability and hospitality. His house was always open to his friends and neighbors, who used to congregate there every evening; the older ones to enjoy a game of cards with the host and his wife Petrowna, the younger ones in the hope of winning the favor of Marie, a beautiful girl of 17, the only daughter and heiress of Gabrilovitch.

Marie read French novels, which naturally rendered her very sentimental and romantic. Under these circumstances love was not long in coming. The object of her affections was a Russian cadet, with scarcely a penny in his pocket, who resided in the neighborhood, and was then at home on leave of absence. As a matter of course he returned her love with equal ardor. Marie's parents had strictly forbidden her thinking of such a union, and they treated the lover, wherever they met him, with just as much friendliness as they would have shown to an ex-collector of taxes. The amorous pair meantime carried on a correspondence, and met clandestinely beneath the shade of the pine grove, or behind the old chapel. As will readily be supposed, they here vowed eternal fidelity to each other, complained of the severity of fate, and devised beautiful plans for the future. After some time they naturally came to think that, should their parents persist in opposing the union, it might in the end be consummated secretly, and without their consent. The young gentleman was the first to propose this, and the young lady soon saw the expediency of it.

The approach of winter put an end to these stolen interviews; but their letters increased in frequency and warmth. In each of them Vladimir Nickolovitch conjured his beloved to leave the paternal roof, and consent to a clandestine marriage. "We will disappear for a short while," he wrote, "come back and cast ourselves at the feet of our parents, who, touched by such constancy, will exclaim, 'come to our arms, dear children!'" Marie was long irresolute; at length it was agreed, however, that she should not appear at supper on a day appointed, but should retire to her room under the pretext of indisposition. Her maid had been let into the secret. Both were to escape by a back door, in front of which they would find a sleigh ready to convey them a distance of five wersts, to the chapel of Jadrino, where Vladimir and the priest would await them.

Having made her preparations, and written a long apologetical letter to her parents, Marie retired betimes to her room. She had been complaining all day of a headache, and this was certainly no mere pretext, for the nervous excitement had in truth indisposed her. Her father and mother nursed her tenderly, asking her again and again: "How do you feel now, Marie? Are you no better?" This loving solicitude cut the girl to the heart, and with the approach of evening her excitement increased. At supper she ate nothing, but rose betimes and bade her parents good-night. The latter kissed and blessed her, as was their wont, while Marie could scarcely repress her sobs. Having reached her room, she threw herself into a chair and wept aloud. Her maid finally succeeded in comforting and cheering her up.

Later in the evening a snow-storm arose. The wind howled about the house, causing the windows to rattle. The inmates had hardly gone to rest, when the young girl, wrapping herself in her clothes and furs, and followed by the servant with a portmanteau, left the paternal roof. A sleigh drawn by three horses received them, and away they went at a furious speed.

Vladimir had also been active throughout the day. In the morning he had called upon the minister at Jadrino to arrange for the ceremony, and then he went to look up the required witnesses. The first acquaintance to whom he applied was an officer on half-pay, who expressed himself quite ready to serve him. Such an adventure, he said, carried him back to the days of his own youth. He determined Vladimir to remain with him, taking upon himself to procure the other two witnesses. There accordingly appeared at dinner Surveyor Schmidt, with his spurs and moustache, and Ispravnik's son, a lad of 17, who had just enlisted in the Uhlans. Both promised Vladimir their assistance, and after a cordial embrace the happy lover parted from his three friends to complete his preparations at home.

Having dispatched a trusty servant with a sleigh for Marie, he got into a one-horse sleigh himself, and took the road leading to Jadrino. Scarcely had he set off, when the storm burst forth with violence, and soon every trace of the way was gone. The entire horizon was covered with thick, yellow clouds, discharging not flakes, but masses of snow; at last it became impossible to distinguish between earth and sky. In vain Vladimir beat about for his way; his horse went on at random, now leaping over banks of snow, now sinking into ditches, and threatening every moment to overturn the sleigh. The insupportable thought of having lost the road had become a certainty. The forest of Jadrino was nowhere to be discovered, and after two hours the jaded animal seemed ready to drop to the ground. At length a kind of dark line became visible in the distance. Vladimir urged his horse forward, and reached the skirt of a forest. He now hoped to reach his destination soon, as it was easier to pursue his way in the forest, into which the snow had not yet penetrated. Vladimir took fresh courage; however, there were no signs of Jadrino. By degrees the storm abated, and the moon shone brightly. He finally reached the opposite skirt of the forest. Still no Jadrino; but a group of four or five houses met his view. His knock at the door of the nearest was answered by an old man.

"What do you want?" he said.

"Where lies Jadrino?" asked Vladimir.

"About ten wersts distant."

At this reply Vladimir felt as if his sentence of death was being announced to him.

"Can you procure me a horse to take me thither?" he asked.

"We have no horses."

"Or at least a guide. I will pay any price."

"Very well. My son can accompany the gentleman."

After a little while, which seemed an eternity to Vladimir, a young fellow made his appearance, holding a thick staff in his hand, and they took their way across the snow-covered plain.

"What o'clock is it?" asked Vladimir.

"It is already past midnight."

And in very truth the sun began to gild the east when they finally arrived at Jadrino. The church door was locked. Vladimir paid and dismissed his guide, and then instantly hastened to the minister's dwelling. What he there learned will appear from the sequel.

At Nemaradof the night had passed quietly. In the morning the master of the house and his wife arose as usual, and proceeded to the dining-room, Gabriel Gabrilovitch in his woolen jacket and night-cap, Petrowna in her morning gown. After they had breakfasted, Gabriel sent up one of the girls to inquire how Marie was. She returned with the message that her young mistress had had a sleepless night, but that she was feeling better now, and would come down presently. Marie soon after entered the room, looking exceedingly pale, yet without the least perceptible agitation.

"How do you feel this morning, love?" inquired her father.

"Better," was the answer.

The day passed as usual, but, instead of the looked-for improvement, a serious change for the worse took place in Marie's condition. The family physician was summoned from the nearest town, who found her in a state of most violent fever. For 14 days she lay at the point of death.

Nothing transpired of the nocturnal flight; for the maid took good care to keep silence on her own account, and the others who knew of it never betrayed themselves with a syllable, even when under the influence of brandy, so greatly did they dread Gabriel's anger.

Marie, however, spoke so incessantly of Vladimir when delirious, that her mother could not remain in doubt as to the cause of his illness. Having advised with a few friends, her parents resolved to let Marie marry the young soldier, seeing that one cannot escape one's fate, and, beside that, riches do not always lead to happiness.

The patient recovered. During her illness Vladimir had not once shown his face in the house, and it was resolved to apprise him of his unexpected good fortune. But to the astonishment of the proud proprietor of Nemaradof, the cadet declared that he should never again cross the threshold of his house, begging them at the same time to forget utterly so wretched a creature as he, to whom death alone would give repose.

A few days afterward they learned that Vladimir had returned again to the army. It was in the year 1812. No one uttered his name in Marie's presence, and she herself never made mention of him in any way. Two or three months had elapsed, when one day she found his name among the list of the officers who had distinguished themselves at the battle of Borodino and been mortally wounded. She fainted away and had a relapse, from which she recovered but slowly.

Not long after her father died, bequeathing his whole property to her. But riches were not able to comfort her; she wept with her mother, and promised never to leave her. They sold Nemaradof and removed to another estate. Suitors thronged around the wealthy and amiable heiress; but none of them received the slightest encouragement from her. Often did her mother press her to choose a husband—she would merely shake her head in silence. Vladimir was no more; he died at Moscow on the evening before the entrance of the French. Marie seemed to hold his memory sacred; she carefully preserved the books they had read together, his sketches, the letters he had written to her—in brief, everything that could serve to keep alive the remembrance of the ill-fated youth.

About this time the war, fought with such glory to the allies, of whom Russia was also one, came to an end. The victorious regiments returned home, and large crowds of people flocked together to greet them. Officers who had gone forth as beardless youths came back with the grave faces of warriors, their gallant breasts covered with badges.

A lieutenant of hussars, Wurmin by name, with an interestingly pale face, and decorated with the Cross of St. George, having obtained leave of absence for several months, took up his residence upon his estate, which adjoined Marie's present abode. The young girl received him with far more favor than she had hitherto shown to any of her visitors. They resembled each other in many respects; both were handsome, intelligent, taciturn and reserved. There was something mysterious about Wurmin which roused the curiosity of Marie. His affection for her was soon unmistakeable; he showed every conceivable attention; but why did he never speak of love though his dark, ardent eyes would rest upon hers half dreamily, half with an expression that seemed to announce an early and positive declaration? Already the neighbors spoke of their marriage as a settled matter, and Mother Petrowna was more than happy at the thought of her daughter's finding a worthy husband at last.

One morning when the latter was sitting in the parlor, Wurmin entered and asked for Marie.

"She is in the garden," answered her mother. "You will find my daughter there if you would like to see her."

The young officer hastily walked out into the garden.

Petrowna crossed herself, murmuring: "God be praised! To-day, I trust his visit will have some result."

Wurmin found his beloved, clad in white, sitting under a tree by the side of the pond, a book upon her lap, like a heroine of romance. The usual salutations over, Wurmin, who was strangely agitated, told her how he had long yearned to pour out his heart before her, and begged that she would listen to him a few moments. She closed her book, and nodded in token of assent.

"I love you," said Wurmin, "I love you passionately."

Marie cast down her eyes.

"I have been imprudent enough to see you, to hear you—daily. It is now too late to escape my fate. The thought of your lovely face, of your sweet voice, will henceforth constitute the joy and the anguish of my existence. But I have a duty to perform toward you; I must reveal to you a secret, which had placed an insurmountable barrier between us."

"That barrier," murmured Marie, "existed always—I could never have become yours."

"I know," replied Wurmin, in a suppressed voice, "that you have loved before; but death—three long years of mourning—dearest Marie, do not deprive me of my last comfort, of the blissful thought that you might become mine if—"

"Cease, I conjure you. You rend my heart!"

"Yes, you will grant me the comfort of knowing that you would have become mine; but most wretched of men that I am—I am already married!"

Marie gazed up at him with a look of astonishment.

"Yes, married for four years," continued the lieutenant, "and I do not know either who my wife is, where she is, or whether I shall ever met her."

"Explain yourself more clearly," said the girl.

"I love you, Marie, and will confide in you. You shall know all, and you will not judge too severely an act of youthful levity. It was in the year 1812. I happened to be on my way to Wilna, with the intention of joining my regiment. Late in the evening I reached a station, and had already ordered that horses should instantly be put to again, when a fierce snow-storm suddenly arose. My landlord and the postilion urgently advised me to postpone my departure; but I was determined to go in spite of the rough weather. The postilion had got it into his head that, by crossing a small river, the banks of which were perfectly well known to him, he should find a shorter route. He missed the right crossing, however, and got into a region to which he was an entire stranger. The storm continued to rage; at length we descried a light in the distance. We made for it, and stopped before a church, from the brightly illuminated windows of which the light shone. The door was open, three sleighs were in front of it, and I saw several persons in the vestibule, One of them called to me: 'This way! this way! I got out and walked toward the vestibule.

"The person who had called advanced toward me.

"'Great Heavens!' he said 'how late you come! Your intended has fainted, and we were on the very point of driving home again.'

"Half bewildered and half amused, I resolved to let the adventure take its course. And, indeed, I had little time for reflection. My friends tugged me into the interior of the church, which was poorly lighted by two or three lamps. A female was sitting upon a bench in the shadow, while another stood beside her and chafed her temples.

"'At last!' cried the latter. God be praised that you have come! My poor mistress liked to have died.'

"An aged priest emerged from behind the altar, and asked, 'Can we begin?'

"Begin, reverend father!' I cried, unadvisedly.

"They assisted the half unconscious girl to rise; she appeared to be very pretty. In a fit of unpardonable, and now quite incomprehensible, levity, I readily stepped with her to the altar. Her maid and the three gentlemen present were so much busied with her as scarcely to throw a look at me. Besides, the light in this part of the church was dim, and my head was muffled in the hood of my cloak.

"In a few minutes the nuptial ceremony was over, and the priest, according to custom, desired the newly-married pair to embrace.

"My young wife turned her pale, charming little face toward me, and was about to rest her head upon my shoulder with a sweet smile, when suddenly she stared at me as if turned into stone, tottered, and with a cry of 'It is not he!' fell to the floor.

"All the furies of hell lashed me out of church. Before any one could think of staying me I had jumped into my sleigh, seized the reins, and was soon beyond the reach of pursuit."

The lieutenant was silent. Marie also gazed in silence on the ground.

"And have you never discovered what became of the poor girl?" she finally asked.

"Never. I know neither the name of the village where I was married, nor do I recollect the station where I stopped. At the time, my culpably frivolous prank seemed to me a matter of so little moment that, as soon as there was no longer any pursuit to fear, I went to sleep in the sleigh, and did not awake till we arrived at another station. The servant whom I had with me was killed in battle, all my efforts to find out the postilion who drove us proved unavailing, and so every clue seems indeed lost by which I might again find the scene of that folly for which I have now to suffer so heavily."

Marie turned her pale face towards him and

took both his hands. The lieutenant gazed thunderstruck into her eyes; a dim foreboding awoke in his breast, a vail suddenly dropped from his eyes.

"Marie! God of heaven, how can I have been so blind! Marie, was it indeed you?"

"I am your wife!" was the only answer of the girl, who sank fainting into his arms.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A NOTICE on the outside of St. Louis street cars says: "Cars cannot wait for ladies to kiss good-bye."

IT is intimated that there are at least fifty thousand young men employed as commercial travelers in the United States.

EPHESIAN TEMPLE OF DIANA.—The temple which is now being exhumed was in process of completion when Alexander passed into Asia, B.C. 334, in succession to one that had been set on fire on the night of his birth, B.C. 356. We now have in the British Museum a part of one of these columns sculptured in relief, as sent home from the site by Mr. J. T. Wood. It is the lowest portion of a column, of marble, about 7 feet in diameter at bottom, and 6 feet in height. The figures are the Greek gods and goddesses, winged Victories, and the like, features and draperies admirably modelled.

THE following legend relates how a certain Grand Duke of Florence built a bridge without expense to the state:—The Grand Duke issued a proclamation that every beggar who would appear in the grand plaza at a certain designated time should be provided with a new suit of clothes free of cost. At the appointed hour the beggars of the city all assembled, whereupon the officers caused each avenue of the public square to be closed, and then compelled the beggars to strip off their old clothes, and gave to each one, according to promise, a new suit. In the old clothes thus collected enough money was found concealed to build a beautiful bridge over the Arno, still called the Beggars' Bridge!

DR. WILLET, lecturing in Boston the other night, told a droll story of himself. He said that at one time, when he was a connoisseur in bird-stuffing, he used to criticise other people's bird-stuffing severely. Walking with a gentleman one day, he stopped at a window where a gigantic owl was exhibited. "You see," said the Doctor to his friend, "that there is a magnificent bird utterly ruined by unskilful stuffing. Notice the mounting! Execrable, isn't it? No living owl ever roosted in that position. And the eyes are fully a third larger than any owl ever possessed." At this moment the stuffed bird raised one foot and solemnly blinked at his critic, who said very little more about stuffed birds that afternoon.

THE BELLS OF EUROPE.—The present bells of Cologne Cathedral, which were cast as early as any others in the fifteenth century, weigh—one 12,000lb., the other 22,400lb. The Kaiserglocke, which will shortly be cast, will be the largest swinging bell in the world, for those at Pekin and Moscow, which are larger, are fixed bells. The diameter on the lower rim will be 13ft., the height being 17ft., and weight 50,000lb. The following are the weights of some of the largest bells in Europe:—Vienna, 36,000lb.; St. Peter's (Rome), 38,000lb.; Notre Dame de Paris, 34,000lb.; "Big Ben," 32,340lb.; and Erfurt, 27,936lb. According to the German papers, the Emperor has made a "munificent and truly Imperial gift" by sending twenty-two French guns from the Strasburg Park to be molten into the "Kaiserglocke," which is to hang in the south campanile. The weight of these guns is 500 cwt., valued at £3,740.

THE ship "Britannia," which struck on the rocks off the coast of Brazil, had on board a large consignment of Spanish dollars. In the hope of saving some of them, a number of barrels were brought on deck; but the vessel was sinking so fast that the only hope for life was in taking at once to the boats. The last boat was about to push off, when a midshipman rushed back to see if any one was still on board. To his surprise, there sat a man on deck with a hatchet in his hand, with which he had broken open several of the casks, the contents of which he was now heaping up about him. "What are you doing?" shouted the youth. "Escape for your life! Don't you know the ship is fast going to pieces?" "The ship may," said the man; "I have lived a poor wretch all my life, and I am determined to die rich." His remonstrances were answered only by another flourish of the hatchet, and he was left to his fate. In a few minutes the ship was engulfed in the waves. We count such a sailor a madman; but he has too many imitators. Many men seem determined to die rich at all hazards. Least of all riches do they count the chance of losing the soul in the struggle.

COACHING IN 1872.—"No fewer than seven coaches," writes Mr. A. G. Scott, the hon. secretary, "have been leaving London during the past summer, with results not alone satisfactory to their proprietors, but to all who have assisted in, and watched the growth of, the present revival. Of the two of which I am especially privileged to write, the 'Brighton' and 'Dorking,' I can report most favorably. The latter, during its but too brief season, repeated the success of last year; it hardly ever had to carry a light load, and was never once without a passenger, while the former, 'the Brighton,' seems but to increase in popularity, the seats, both inside and outside, having of late been more in request than ever. In all this there is much room for congratulation—much to encourage, for, style it plaything, whim, or whatever you will, the taste for 'coaching' has now taken deep root, and may be looked upon as the re-establishment of a pure, unselfish sport. Next May, if not earlier, both the 'Brighton' and 'Dorking' will reappear—as, indeed, will the 'Tunbridge Wells,' 'Wycombe,' and 'Reigate'—three most admirably appointed coaches. I hope, too, to be then able to introduce the oft-promised 'Afternoon Dorking,' which will offer peculiar attractions to the many who now plead that they cannot afford a whole day for a drive.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

AN analysis of cow's milk tainted with contagious typhus is given by M. Husson in *Comptes Rendus*, with the conclusion, among others, that such milk cannot transmit the typhus to man, but that it should not be used as food for young children.

THE *Journal of Applied Chemistry* recommends sulphite or bi-sulphite of lime to prevent the fermentation of cider. It imparts no taste to the liquor, and leaves an insoluble precipitate of sulphate of lime, from which the contents of the barrel may be drawn off.

GLYCERINE, says the *Athenæum*, may be used with great advantage in the preparation of leather, not in the process of tanning, but as a bath after the tanning is completed. Leather thus treated acquires a peculiar softness especially desirable in machine belts.

THE phosphorescence of the glow-worm and all other phosphorescent animals is ascribed by Dr. T. L. Phipson, a devoted student of the subject, to an organic substance which he calls noctilucene. He believes that this is also the cause of the phosphorescent light of sea-water.

VIENNA is to have a magnificent marine aquarium for the grand international exposition to be opened there in May next. It will contain two hundred thousand gallons of sea-water, to be brought on a fast train the twenty hours' journey from Trieste to the Austrian capital.

THE influence of the sun-spots must be great, indeed, if they exert half as much as is now attributed to them. Mr. C. Meldrum of the island of Mauritius, Indian Ocean, believes that he has discovered a close relation between the sun-spots and West India hurricanes. Cyclones occur most frequently, he says, a year or two after the sun-spots have been most numerous.

ABBÉ MOIGNO, the well-known editor of *Les Mondes*, has commenced a series of receptions to which are invited the most distinguished men of science residing in Paris or visiting the city. Scientific subjects form the topic of discussion, and the entertainment is enlivened each evening by a musical performance, at which some work of one of the great masters is rendered.

THE analysis of the sea-water gases of the Baltic, made by Dr. Oscar Jacobsen, who was connected with the recent German expedition for the exploration of that sea, discloses the fact that "carbonic acid is present in large proportion in sea-water, not as a dissolved gas in the same sense as oxygen and nitrogen, but in a peculiar condition of closer combination." This discovery is regarded as of considerable importance in its bearing upon marine botany, zoology and geology.

THE quantity of false rhubarbs brought into the drug market renders some guide to their detection very desirable, and Dr. Cauvet, in the *Journal de Pharmacie et de Chimie* specifies several distinctions between them and the exotic or true rhubarbs. That which is most easily observable is the presence in the latter, and absence in the false rhubarbs, of characteristic radiation centres, like stars in shape. These are numerous in the Muscovy rhubarbs, and very apparent, though less frequent, in that from China.

THERE is a certain remedy for the bite of the cobra-di-capello, despite the common impression to the contrary, if we may believe Dr. D. Butler, late inspector-general of hospitals in the Bengal army. According to him, this remedy consists of brandy and laudanum in excessive doses, but not sufficient to produce narcotism, with ligature of the limb and compulsory locomotion. As the cobra is one of the most venomous of all known serpents, it is surprising that this treatment, if effectual, is not universally employed in India.

THE remarkable faculty which dogs have of finding their way home from a strange locality by paths previously unknown to them seems to fail in great cities, where dogs so frequently lose their way completely. A writer in the *Quarterly Review* thinks that they "have a certain sense of the magnetic currents, sufficing to afford them a sort of internal mariners' compass, marking the direction in which they travel. We know that the magnetic currents affect the needle and the hypothesis that they may also affect living frames with special organizations seems no way incredible; while the fact that a dog who can find his way for a hundred miles in the open country, may lose it in five hundred yards in a town, seems to point to the multitude of streets turning at right angles as the cause of confusion to a sense which simply indicates a straight direction."

GOLDEN GRAINS.

DIET cures more than the doctor.

Do what ye ought, come what may.

A "TRYING" situation—A seat on the bench.

NEVER allow temper to get the mastery of you.

FLOURISHING business—Ornamental penmanship.

AN ounce of practice is better than a pound of theory.

THE object of religion is not to make a man better than his neighbor, but better than himself.

SHUT not up a brood of evil passions in your bosom; like enraged serpents, they will bite their cage.

WIT is brushwood; judgment is temper. The first makes the brightest flame, but the other gives the most lasting heat.

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from years:
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.

BE not diverted from your duty by any idle reflections that the silly world may make upon you, for their censures are not in your power, and consequently should not be any part of your concern.

THE criterion of true beauty is, that it increases on examination; if false, that it lessens. There is something, therefore, in true beauty that corresponds with right reason, and is not merely the creation of fancy.

FERDINAND, King of Spain, used to say that he could distinguish a wise man from a fool by the following marks:—Moderation in anger, government in household affairs, and writing a letter without useless repetitions.

IT is not always wealth and earthly glory that make us happy—many that are miserable have both of these—but a bright, sunshiny spirit, which can bear little trials, and enjoy little favors, and find happiness in all the scenes of life.

THE line of conduct chosen during the five years from fifteen to twenty will, in almost every instance, determine his character for life. As he is then careful or careless, prudent or improvident, industrious or indolent, truthful or dissimulating, intelligent or ignorant, temperate or dissolute, so will he be in after-years, and it needs no prophet to cast his horoscope or calculate his chances in life.

A SHIP on the broad, boisterous and open ocean needeth no pilot. But it dare not venture alone on the placid bosom of a little river, lest it be wrecked by some hidden rock. Thus it is with life. It is not in our open, exposed deeds that we need the still voice of the silent monitor, but in the small, secret, every-day acts of life, wherein conscience should warn us to beware of the hidden shoals of what we deem too common to be dangerous.

SAID a very old man, "Some folks are always complaining about the weather, but I am very thankful when I wake up in the morning to find any weather at all." We may smile at the simplicity of the old man, but still his language indicates a spirit that contributes much to a calm and peaceful life. It is better and wiser to cultivate that spirit than to be continually complaining of things as they are.

FAMILY MATTERS.

THE white of eggs with lime makes a good cement for broken china.

HONEY and castor-oil mixed are excellent for asthma. A teaspoonful may be taken night and morning with great benefit.

RANCID lard may be purified by trying it over with a little water, adding a few sliced raw potatoes. The potatoes seem to remove the bad taste from the lard.

To remove ink or fruit stains from the fingers, take cream of tartar, half an ounce; powdered salt of sorrel, half an ounce; mix. This is what is sold for salts of lemon.

THE best method to make old silk look like new, and one that is employed by millions, is to sponge over the outside with strong, cold black tea. The silk should afterward be ironed on the outside.

To raise the pile of velvet when pressed down, cover a hot smoothing-iron with a wet cloth and hold the velvet firmly over it; the vapor from the cloth passing through the velvet will raise the pile, with the assistance of a light whisk.

GRAHAM BREAD.—To make Graham bread, to each quart of flour take a heaped teaspoonful of saleratus, adding salt and a little molasses or sugar, with a sufficient quantity of sour milk to make the dough. We consider it very much better to steam an hour or two, and then put it in the oven to brown over.

To clean kid gloves, first see that your hands are clean; then put on your gloves and wash them, as though you were washing your hands, in a basin of spirits of turpentine. This method was used in Paris, to the great profit of many persons. The gloves should be hung in the air, or some warm place, to carry away the smell of the turpentine.

MEAT BALLS.—Chop the meat fine, as for sausages: then mix a small quantity of crumbs of bread and a seasoning of mace, pepper, cloves and salt, all well pounded; mix these with an egg; and make the mass into balls the size of a goose egg. Roll them in bread crumbs and egg, and fry them a light brown; dish them up with a gravy flavored with walnut catsup.

IRISH STEW.—Trim the fat from three pounds of the best mutton chops; pare and cut in slices six large potatoes, and six large onions. Put into a stewpan a few pieces of fat pork, and on these put alternate layers of mutton chops, slices of potato, onion, pepper, and salt. Cover with cold water. Cover the stewpan very closely, set it where it will cook slowly, and let it stew for three hours. Serve very hot.

CLEAR APPLES.—Peel golden pippins, and core them. Put them in clear cold water, and simmer them gently till tender. Take them out on a skimmer, and spread them on a large dish to cool. Boil to a syrup two pounds of loaf sugar and a pint of clear water, skimming till clear. Boil the apples in the syrup ten minutes, and let them get cold before serving. Serve with cream and powdered sugar.

FAMILY CAKE.—Twelve ounces each of butter, sugar, and currants, two pounds and a half of flour, four ounces of candied citron peel, two ounces of caraway seeds, half an ounce of mixed spices, four teaspoonfuls of bicarbonate of soda, and a pint and a quarter of warmed new milk. Melt the butter in the milk, and work in the rest of the ingredients, mixing well. Bake slowly in buttered tins for two hours.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S TABLE.—The following is a very valuable housewife's table, by which persons not having scales and weights at hand, may readily measure the article wanted to form any recipe without the trouble of weighing. Allowance to be made for an extraordinary dryness or moisture of the article weighed or measured:

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

Wheat flour, one pound is one quart.
Indian meal, one pound two ounces are one quart.
Butter, when soft, one pound is one quart.
Loaf sugar, broken, one pound is one quart.
White sugar, powdered, one pound one ounce are one quart.
Best brown sugar, one pound two ounces are one quart.
Ten eggs are one pound.
Flour, eight quarts are one peck.
Flour, four pecks are one bushel.

LIQUIDS, ETC.

Sixteen large tablespoonfuls are half a pint.
Eight large tablespoonfuls are one gill.
Four large tablespoonfuls are half a gill.
Two gills are half a pint.
Two pints are one quart.
Four quarts are one gallon.
A common sized tumbler holds half a pint.
A common sized wine glass is half a gill.
A teacup is one gill.
A large wine glass is two ounces.
A tablespoonful is half an ounce.
Forty drops are equal to one teaspoonful.
Four teaspoonfuls are equal to one tablespoonful.

HINTS FOR FARMERS.

MAKE an Inventory of everything you have on the farm, its condition, and value.

WOOD.—See that the wood-house is liberally furnished with wood, and that the wood-boxes in the house are never empty, and kindling is handy.

KEEP ACCOUNTS.—It is astonishing how many farmers there are who keep no regular account of their receipts and expenses. If you have hitherto neglected this matter, neglect it no longer.

PAY old debts, and make as few new ones as possible. Collect what is owing you. Keep all your pecuniary matters straight, and know exactly what you owe and what property you have.

LOOK to your Insurance, and see that your policy covers all your property. It sometimes happens that grain is insured in one barn and not in another, and so with implements, harness, carriages, machines, wool, etc. Look into the matter.

KEEP a Diary, or let some member of the family keep it for you. Write down every night the work that has been done during the day, the state of the weather, and any facts in regard to the stock, etc., that ought to be recorded. It is very little trouble and is exceedingly useful—and the longer it is kept the more interesting it becomes.

MAKE THE HOUSE COMFORTABLE.—See that the windows are tight and the doors fit close, and that the cold air does not rush in between the floor and the base-board. If you do not know how to remedy these matters, ask a carpenter. Make all the rooms comfortable, and occupy them. It is a foolish thing to spend a good deal of money in building a fine house and then live only in the kitchen.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD FARMERS.—Induce the boys to take an interest in the farm, in the implements, in the stock: tell them all your plans, your successes and failures; give them a history of your own life, and what you did and how you lived when a boy; but do not harp too much on the degenerate character of the young men of the present age; praise them when you can, and encourage them to do still better. Let them dress up for the evening, instead of sitting down in their dirty clothes in a dingy room. Provide plenty of light; thanks to kerosene, our country homes can be as brilliantly and as cheaply lighted as the gas-lit houses in the city. Encourage the neighbors to drop in evenings. Talk agriculture rather than politics; speak more of the importance of large crops, of good stock, of liberal feeding, and of the advantages of making animals comfortable, than of the hard times, low prices and high wages. Above all encourage the boys to read good agricultural books. Papers are well enough, but an intelligent boy wants something more and better. Get him some good agricultural book to study. Read it with him, and give him the benefit of your experience and criticism. When he has mastered this, buy him another. In our own case, we owe our love of farming principally to the fact that our father talked to us of everything that was doing on the farm; answering all our questions and encouraging, rather than refusing our childlike desire of helping him.—*American Agriculturist.*

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

THE HIGH LEVEL.—The tight-rope.

A LAME SOLDIER halts when he marches.

The original Water-Works.—Eve's eyes.

ROMANTIC DEATH.—A young lady drowned in tears.

When is a house like a bird?—When it has wings.

SUGGESTIVE title for a Christmas carol—"Then *yule* remember me."

ON what meat does an affected young lady live at Christmas?—*Mince*-meat.

Mark Twain is fond of jokes; but he thinks a joke, to be good, must be inflicted on some other man.

A lady calls the little memoranda her butcher sends in with the meat, "pencillings by the weigh."

CARDINAL CULLEN calls on his clergy to use their influence in suppressing wakes. Let them begin on the town cats.

WHAT is the difference between a tortoise shell tom and a burnt child?—One is a brindled cat, the other a kindled brat.

"Women wake up!" says Mrs. Cady Stanton, and a ruffian rural editor adds, "Yes, and turn out and build a fire and get breakfast."

A young fellow, fond of talking, remarked, "I am no prophet." "True," replied a lady present, "no profit to yourself or any one else."

A young man who was crossed in love attempted suicide recently by taking a dose of yeast powder. He immediately rose above his troubles.

A man out West who offered bail for a friend was asked by a judge if he had an incumbrance on his farm. "Oh yes," said he; "my old woman."

A CERTAIN Mr. David Fender, popping the question in a letter, concluded thus:—"And should you say 'Yes,' dear Mary, I will truly be your D. Fender."

DEVOTION.—Here is a gem, alleged to have been found in the letter of a young lover:—"Dearest love: I have swallowed the postage stamp which was on your letter, because I knew that your lips had touched it."

SEASONABLE CONS.—Why is the alphabet short of a letter at Christmas?—Because it's the Feast of Noël.—When's a young man like a Christy-mas minstrel?—When he's after Caroline (*carolin'*).—If she snubs him pretty often, what's that like?—The "waits."

IN the course of a "proof" in the Court of Session, a learned junior counsel was attempting to break down a female witness upon a point of time, and in so doing asked her, "Why are you so certain as to the date? Do you keep a diary?" To which the witness gravely replied, "No, sir, I keep a public-house."

OUR PUZZLER.

15. NAME PUZZLE.

Take the initials of a military man; the second letter of a modern Roman; the third letter of a section of a book; the fourth letter of the synonym of defamation; the fifth letter of a terrible torture; the sixth letter of the synonym of ridiculed; and the seventh letter of the synonym of gleefully; and you have the name of a recent celebrity.

LUKE ROUNDALL.

16. ENIGMA.

I am no prison, yet am barred;
I dwell in flames and strife;
Four legs I have, also a tail,
Yet ne'er drew breath of life.

A. H. B.

17. CHARADE.

My *first* you know you are, yet 'tis not you—
Unless you are a participle present:
Most men do seek it—and the clergy, too,
Have no objection, when it's snug and pleasant.

My *second* is so very hard and cold,
And can't be hurt, though it may wound severely;
It ne'er will be my *first*, howe'er so old,
Yet will rest o'er my *whole*, I hope sincerely.

My *whole* is impossible, yet does exist—
Nay, more, it lives a life of fame and beauty;
Eyes smile that wept but now a hero missed,
To know my *whole's* my *first*, and at its duty.

ADVENA.

18. REBUS.

Whole, I am a useful article to have in a house; behead me, and I am much used, and much oftener abused; curtail me, and I am half of two; next behead me, and you won't lose by me. Again, my 1, 3, 4, is a metal; my 2, 3, 1, a pleasant person in company; my 4, 5, 1, ladies wear on their heads; my 1, 5, 4, is a number; and my 2, 5, 1, none of us like to get.

GROUSE.

ANSWERS.

10. RIDDLE.—Time.

11. PUZZLE.—A looking-glass.

12. ENIGMA.—Crate; rate; rat; Até; tea; tar; tear.

13. SQUARE WORDS.—
W A R D
A B E E
R E A M
D E M Y

14. REBUS.—SChooneR; ARacatI; LUciflC; ASH; DAlmatiA; IDolateR; NEreiD.—SALADIN.—CRUSADE.—RICHARD.

AN ANGEL IN DISGUISE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Idleness, vice, and intemperance had done their miserable work, and the dead mother lay cold and stark amid her wretched children. She had fallen upon the threshold of her own door in a drunken fit, and died in the presence of her frightened little ones.

Death touches the springs of our common humanity. This woman had been despised, sconed at, and angrily denounced by nearly every man, woman, and child in the village; but now as the fact of her death was passed from lip to lip, in subdued tones, pity took the place of anger, and sorrow of denunciation. Neighbors went hastily to the old tumble-down hut, in which she had secured a little more than a place of shelter from summer heats and winter cold; some with grave-clothes for a decent interment of the body; and some with food for the half-starving children, three in number. Of these, John, the oldest, a boy of twelve, was a stout lad, able to earn his living with any farmer. Kate, between ten and eleven, was a bright active girl, out of whom something clever might be made, if in good hands; but poor little Maggie, the youngest, was hopelessly diseased. Two years before, a fall from a window had injured her spine, and she had not been able to leave her bed since, except when lifted in the arms of her mother.

"What is to be done with the children?" That was the chief question now. The dead mother would go under ground, and be forever beyond all care and concern of the villagers. But the children must not be left to starve. After considering the matter, and talking it over with his wife, farmer Jones said that he would take John and do well by him, now that his mother was out of the way; and Mrs. Ellis, who had been looking out for a bound girl, concluded that it would be charitable in her to make choice of Katy, even though she was too young to be of much use for several years.

"I could do much better, I know," said Mrs. Ellis; "but, as no one seems inclined to take her, I must act from a sense of duty. I expect to have trouble with the child; for she's an undisciplined thing;—used to having her own way."

But no one said, "I'll take Maggie." Pitying glances were cast on her wan and wasted form, and thoughts were troubled on her account. Mothers brought cast-off garments, and removing her soiled and ragged clothes, dressed her in clean attire. The sad eyes and patient face of the little one touched many hearts, and even knocked at them for entrance. But none opened to take her in. Who wanted a bedridden child?

"Take her to the poorhouse," said a rough man to whom the question "What's to be done with Maggie?" was asked. "Nobody's going to be bothered with her."

"The poorhouse is a sad place for a sick and helpless child," answered one.

"For your child or mine," said the other, lightly speaking; "but for this brat it will prove a blessed change. She will be kept clean, have healthy food, and be doctored, which is more than can be said of her past condition."

There was reason in that, but still it didn't satisfy. The day following the day of death was made the day of burial. A few neighbors were at the miserable hovel, but none followed the dead cart as it bore the unhonored to its pauper grave. Farmer Jones, after the coffin was taken out, placed John in his wagon and drove away, satisfied that he had done his part. Mrs. Ellis spoke to Kate with a hurried air—"Bid your sister good-by," and drew the tearful children apart ere their lips had scarcely touched in a sobbing farewell. Hastily others went out, some glancing at Maggie, and some resolutely refraining from a look, until all had gone. She was alone! Just beyond the threshold, Joe Thompson, the wheelwright, paused, and said to the blacksmith's wife, who was hastening off with the rest—

"It's a cruel thing to leave her so."

"Then take her to the poorhouse; she'll have to go there," answered the blacksmith's wife, springing away and leaving John behind.

For a little while the man stood with a puzzled air; then he turned back and went into the hovel again. Maggie, with a painful effort, had raised herself to an upright position, and was sitting on the bed, straining her eyes upon the door out of which all had just departed. A vague terror had come into her thin white face.

"Oh, Mr. Thompson!" she cried out, catching her suspended breath, "don't leave me here all alone!"

Though rough in exterior, Joe Thompson, the wheelwright, had a heart, and it was very tender in some places. He liked children, and was pleased to have them come to his shop, where many a sled and wagon were made or mended for the village lads without a draft on their boarded expenses.

"No, dear," he answered in a kind voice, going to the bed and stooping down over the child, "you shan't be left here alone." Then he wrapped her with the gentleness almost of a woman, in the clean bedclothes that some neighbor had brought; and, lifting her in his strong arms, bore her out into the air and across the field that lay between the hovel and his home.

Now, Joe Thomson's wife, who happened to be childless, was not a woman of saintly temper, nor much given to self-denial for others' good, and Joe had well-grounded doubts touching the manner of greeting he should receive on his arrival. Mrs. Thompson saw him approaching from the window, and with ruffling feathers met him a few paces from the door, as he opened the garden gate and came in. He bore a precious burden, and he felt it to be so. As his arms held the sick child to his breast, a sphere of tenderness went out from her, and penetrated his feelings. A bond had already corded itself around them both, and love was springing into life.

"What have you there?" sharply questioned Mrs. Thompson.

Joe felt the child start and shrink against him. He did not reply, except by a look that was pleading and cautionary, that said, "Wait a moment for explanations, and be gentle;" and, passing in, carried Maggie to the small chamber on the first floor, and laid her on a bed. Then stepping back, he shut the door and stood face to face with his vinegar-tempered wife in the passage-way outside.

"You haven't brought home that sick brat?"

AT A PARTY.—"MAY I KEEP THIS DROPPED GLOVE FOR A TOKEN?"—SEE PAGE 50.

Anger and astonishment were in the tones of Mrs. Joe Thompson; her face was in a flame.

"I think women's hearts are sometimes very hard," said Joe. Usually Joe Thompson got out of his wife's way or kept rigidly silent and noncombative when she fired up on any subject; it was with some surprise, therefore, that she encountered a firmly-set countenance and a resolute pair of eyes.

"Women's hearts are not half so hard as men's!"

Joe saw, by a quick intuition, that his resolute bearing had impressed his wife, and he answered quickly, and with real indignation: "Be that as it may, every woman at the funeral turned her eyes steadily from the sick child's face, and when the cart went off with her dead mother, hurried away, and left her alone in that old hut, with the sun not an hour in the sky."

"Where were John and Kate?" asked Mrs. Thompson.

"Farmer Jones tossed John into his wagon and drove off. Kate went home with Mrs. Ellis; but nobody wanted the poor sick one. 'Send her to the poorhouse,' was the cry."

"Why didn't you let her go, then? What did you bring her here for?"

"She can't walk to the poorhouse; somebody's arms must carry her, and mine are strong enough for that task," said Joe.

"Then why didn't you keep on? Why did you stop here?" demanded the wife.

"Because I'm not apt to go on fools' errands. The guardians must first be seen and a permit obtained."

There was no gainsaying this.

"When will you see the guardians?" was asked, with irrepressible impatience.

"To-morrow."

"Why put it off until to-morrow? Go at once for the permit, and get the whole thing off your hands to-night."

"Jane," said the wheelwright, with an impressiveness of tone that greatly subdued his wife. "I read in the Bible sometimes, and find much said about little children. How the Saviour rebuked the disciples who would not receive them; how he took them up in his arms and blessed them; and how he said that whosoever gave them even a cup of cold water should not go unrewarded. Now, it is a small thing for us to keep this poor motherless little one for a single night; to be kind to her for a single night; to make her life comfortable for a single night."

The voice of the strong, rough man shook, and he turned his head away, so that the moisture in his eyes might not be seen. Mrs. Thompson did not answer, but a soft feeling crept into her heart.

"Look at her kindly, Jane; speak to her kindly," said Joe. "Think of her dead mother, and the loneliness, the pain, the sorrow that must be on all her coming life." The softness of his heart gave unwonted eloquence to his lips.

Mrs. Thompson did not reply, but presently turned towards the little chamber where her husband had deposited Maggie; and, pushing open the door, went quietly in. Joe did not follow; he saw that her state had changed, and felt that it would be best to leave her alone with the child. So he went to his shop, which stood near the house, and worked until dusky evening released him from labor. A light shining through the little chamber window was the first object that attracted Joe's attention on turning towards the house; it was a good omen. The path led him by this window, and when opposite, he could not help pausing to look in. It was now dark enough outside to screen him from observation. Maggie lay, a little raised on a pillow, with the lamp shining full upon her face. Mrs. Thompson was sitting by the bed, talking to the child; but her back was towards the window, so that her countenance was not seen. From Maggie's face, therefore, Joe must read the character of their intercourse. He saw that her eyes were intently fixed upon his wife; that now and then a few words came, as if in answers, from her lips; that her expression was sad and tender; but he saw nothing of bitterness and pain. A deep-drawn breath was followed by one of relief, as a weight lifted itself from his heart.

On entering, Joe did not go immediately to the little chamber. His heavy tread about the kitchen brought his wife somewhat hurriedly from the room where she had been with Maggie. Joe thought it best not to refer to the child, or to manifest any concern in regard to her.

"How soon will supper be ready?" he asked.

"Right soon," answered Mrs. Thompson, beginning to bustle about, with no asperity in her voice.

After washing from his hands and face the dust and soil of work, Joe left the kitchen and went to the little bedroom. A pair of large bright eyes looked up at him from the snowy bed; looked at him tenderly, gratefully, pleadingly. How his heart swelled in his bosom! With what a quicker motion came the heartbeats! Joe sat down, and now for the first time examining the thin face carefully under the lamp light, saw that it was an attractive face, and full of childish sweetness which suffering had not been able to obliterate.

"Your name is Maggie?" he said as he sat down and took her soft little hand in his.

"Yes, sir." Her voice struck a chord that quivered in a long strain of music.

"Have you been sick long?"

"Yes, sir." What a sweet patience was in her tone!

"Has the doctor been to see you?"

"He used to come."

"But not lately?"

"No, sir."

"Have you any pain?"

"Sometimes, but not now."

"When had you pain?"

"This morning my side ached, and my back hurt when you carried me."

"It hurts you to be lifted or moved about?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your side doesn't ache now?"

"No, sir."

"Does it ache a great deal?"

"Yes, sir; but it hasn't ached any since I've been on this soft bed."

"The soft bed feels good."

"O yes, sir—so good!" What a satisfaction mingled with gratitude, was in her voice!

"Supper is ready," said Mrs. Thompson, looking into the room a little while afterwards.

Joe glanced from his wife's face to that of Maggie; she understood him, and answered—

"She can wait until we are done, then I will bring her something to eat."

There was an effort at indifference on the part of Mrs. Thompson, but her husband had seen her through the window, and understood that the coldness was assumed. Joe waited, after sitting down to the table, for his wife to introduce the subject uppermost in both of their thoughts; but she kept silent on that theme for many minutes, and he maintained a like reserve. At last she said abruptly—

"What are you going to do with that child?"

"I thought you understood that she was to go to the poorhouse," replied Joe, as if surprised at her question.

Mrs. Thompson looked rather strangely at her husband for some moments, and then dropped her eyes. The subject was not again referred to during the meal. At its close, Mrs. Thompson toasted a slice of bread, and softened it with milk and butter; adding to this a cup of tea, she took them up to Maggie, and held the small waiter on which she had placed them while the hungry child ate with every sign of pleasure.

"Is it good?" asked Mrs. Thompson, seeing with what a keen relish the food was taken.

The child paused with the cup in her hand, and answered with a look of gratitude that awoke to new life old human feelings which had been slumbering in her heart for half a score of years.

"We'll keep her a day or two longer; she is so weak and helpless," said Mrs. Joe Thompson, in answer to her husband's remark, at breakfast-time on the next morning, that he must step down and see the guardians of the poor about Maggie.

"She'll be so much in your way," said Joe.

"I shan't mind that for a day or two. Poor thing!"

Joe did not see the guardians of the poor on that day, on the next, nor on the day following. In fact, he never saw them at all on Maggie's account, for in less than a week Mrs. Joe Thompson would as soon have thought of taking up her own abode in the almshouse as sending Maggie there.

What light and blessing did that sick and helpless child bring to the home of Joe Thompson, the poor wheelwright! It had been dark, and cold, and miserable there for a long time, just because his wife had nothing to love and care for out of herself, and so became sour, irritable, ill-tempered, and self-afflicting in the desolation of her woman's nature. Now the sweetness of that sick child, looking ever to her in love, patience, and gratitude, was as honey to her soul, and she carried in her heart as well as in her arms, a precious burden. As for Joe Thompson, there was not a man in the whole neighborhood who drank daily of a more precious wine of life than he. An angel had come into his house, disguised as a sick, helpless, and miserable child, and filled all its dreary chambers with the sunshine of love.

The Crown Princess of Germany is making a design for a monument, to be erected on the field of Weissenburg by the officers of the third army.

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